The Outlook

DECEMBER 22, 1920

CORK ON FIRE

ON the night of December 11 five acres of the city of Cork, Ireland, were laid waste by incendiary fires, which destroyed about three hundred houses. This statement is striking, as the buildings in Cork are of stone or brick. The disaster was more appalling than was that of Dublin in 1916—and that disaster, eye-witnesses tell us, represented more apparent damage than the German airplanes did in London or Paris. According to the despatches of December 14, Cork was "like a city with its heart cut out."

The authorities believe the Cork incendiarists were Sinn Feiners, angered by the arrival during the day of a large number of special constables and auxiliaries whose firearms were only too evident. The Sinn Feiners, on the other hand, blame the police and the soldiers. The fires were chiefly in the business quarter of retail shops, where the most loot might be obtained. Among the public buildings destroyed were the Carnegie Library, the Corn Exchange, the City Hall, and other municipal structures. There was no loss of life except that of a person shot while looting.

The destruction will be visualized by the many Americans who have entered or left Europe by way of Queenstown, which lies on Cork Harbor—a harbor large and deep enough to float all the British navy. It is the estuary of the river Lee. Eleven miles up the river lies Cork, mainly built on a very large, low-lying island in the Lee and doubtless once a swamp, as is indicated by its name, a corruption of the Gaelic Corruch. To the middle of the nineteenth century Cork was the second city in Ireland; it is now the third; Belfast is the second. Nine-tenths of the population of Cork is Roman Catholic.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, promises an immediate investigation. We hope that the British Government will appoint an investigating commission that will command the respect and confidence of the whole world, headed, for instance, by such a man as Lord Bryce.

RELIEF FOR SERBIA

IN a recent address Madame Grouitch, an American, wife of the Minister at Washington from Jugoslavia, called attention to the educational needs of Serbia.

When the Bulgars throttled Serbia in 1915, the Serb army and Government had to withdraw to the Adriatic coast, where they were rescued by French and British transports. During

(C) Underwood & Underwood

MAJOR CEDRIC FAUNTLEROY, OF THE AMERICAN AVIATORS IN POLAND

that retreat the refugees died by tens of thousands from hunger and cold.

The children of school age were taken to France, England, and Switzerland, where Madame Grouitch organized committees to care for them. The greater part were sent to French schools. About three hundred were received at Oxford and Cambridge, and some four hundred (including especially those suffering from tuberculosis and other illness contracted on the retreat) were ordered to Switzerland. The Serbian Aid Fund (1 Madison Avenue, New York City) has still many pensioners in foreign universities who look to it for regular monthly allowances. But this is not all. In Serbia there are at least ten thousand families who require assistance to send their children to school over and above what the Government can do for them. Madame Grouitch has already received enough money for two thousand Serbian schoolchildren, at the rate of a franc a day, besides gifts of clothing and scholarships.

Here is a chance, we think, for a real Christmas gift. For every child that can be kept alive and every student that can be educated there should be a greater intellectual and moral advance in Jugoslavia.

RELIEF FOR POLAND

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CEDRIC FAUNTLEROY, commander of the Polish air forces on the southern front, has appealed for aid to Poland. He is now in this country recruiting pilots and endeavoring to obtain equipment. Speaking of Polish needs the other day, he said in an address:

> Two things are needed—bread and aircraft. The Reds implant their doctrines successfully where there is famine, and Poland is starving.

The confirmation of the above is seen in Mr. Hoover's just-published statement concerning children who receive charitable assistance from the American Relief Administration. We read that there are 200,000 under its care in Serbia and 1,400,000 in Poland. Many depend for existence upon the one daily meal provided for them by the American Relief Administration. The offices of the Administration are at 42 Broadway, New York City. Nothing could be more practical than its system, perfected by Mr. Hoover after six years' experience in the same kind of work. Only the most concentrated food is used—flour, rice, cocoa, beans, condensed milk, and lard.

As to Poland's second need, according to Colonel Fauntleroy, namely, aircraft, we are told by him that the Polish Air Service is credited with having stopped the Bolshevist advance in southern Poland, where, he says, if the Red advance in the north had been duplicated it would have meant the fall of the Polish Republic. He adds:

> Poland can defeat Bolshevism in battle only in the air. In other respects we are outnumbered ten to one. . . . The Air Service, officered mainly by Americans, stands between freedom in Central Europe and domination by the Reds.

The story of what Americans did in the Air Service in France before our entry into the war and the continuation by those men of service for Poland

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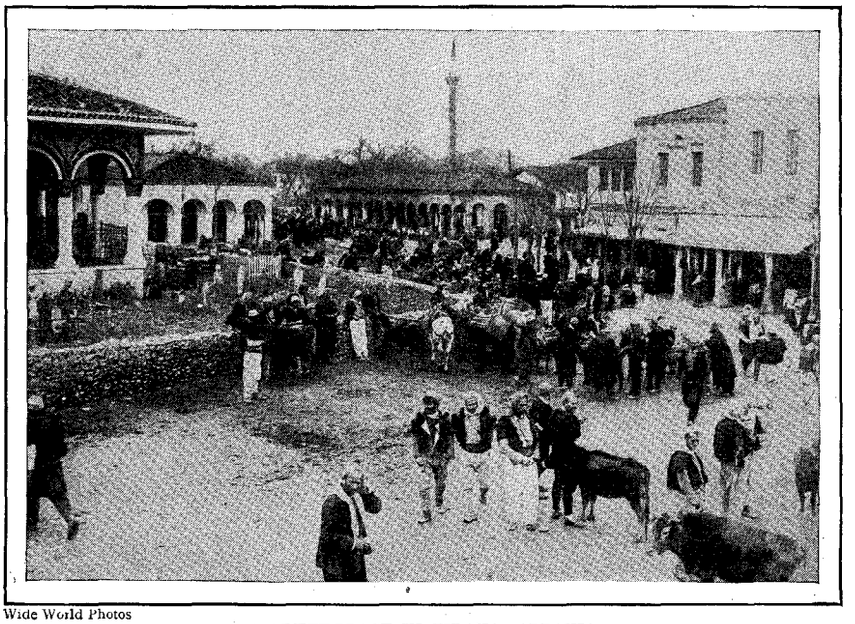

Wide World Photos

MARKET-PLACE IN TIRANA, ALBANIA

forms one of the most inspiring chapters in our history.

THE NEW ALBANIA

For some months the Albanian Government, established at Tirana, the capital, has enjoyed apparently undisturbed power. Albania was once a synonym for lawlessness and anarchy. The turbulent tribal elements that then continually preyed upon the country's tranquillity have now been run down by the Government's organized forces; the leaders of unrest have been court-martialed and have received punishment.

In 1912–13 the London Conference —called to determine the issues of the Balkan War—marked the boundaries of Albania and established its practical independence. But the secret Treaty of London (1915) between England, France, and Russia on the one side, and Italy on the other, gave Albania to Italy, Serbia, and Greece, and the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 (and especially its expression of January 14, 1920, in the subsequent so-called Supreme Council) agreed to apply the provisions of that Treaty. President Wilson's notes regarding Adriatic issues opposed such disposal of Albania; through his exertion the plan of partition was definitely discarded. The French military authorities turned over to the Albanian Government the provinces they had been holding with the purpose of transferring them, respectively, to Serbia and Greece. But Italy did not give up until the Albanians by armed force had driven her from the country. She then abandoned her claims to Albania which the Paris Conference had acknowledged.

Having thus vindicated itself, the Government set out to organize the country. It opened schools and asks us to establish an American university on the plan of Robert College, at Constantinople. It began to develop the country's great mineral resources—iron, copper, oil, asphalt, coal—and its splendid water-power possibilities. In all this a first essential is the building of roads and railways.

JAPAN IN BUSINESS FOR HERSELF

The Treaty of Versailles assigned the German insular possessions in the Pacific north of the equator to Japan; those south of it to Australia and New Zealand.

Japan has protested against being excluded from the possessions in the south. The Japanese say that under the application of the Australian exclusion law their position in those islands will be worse than it was when the islands were under the Germans; and, despite her treaty with Great Britain, Japan serves notice on that Power that she is at the same time in business for herself.

She also serves notice on another Power—America. This concerns the disposal of the former German cables in the Pacific. Japan holds that, because of the mandate granted for the German-owned islands to her, she has the right to do what she pleases with the island of Yap. This island is of great importance, because it is a center of cable communication. There is a Yap-Guam cable to America, and a Yap-Shanghai cable to Japan, and a Yap-Dutch Indies cable to Holland. Japan claims the right to control all cable landings in Yap. But the American Government maintains that in the case of Yap, as in the case of Mesopotamia, the holding of a mandate gives to the mandatory no exclusive powers or rights of exploitation. The question is under discussion by the International Communications Conference, now in session in Washington.

Japan has also served notice on another Power, and this Power is the League of Nations itelf—if it can be called a Power. In the Assembly of the League at Geneva Viscount Ishii, the head of the Japanese delegation, declared, during a discussion of the question of disarmament, that it was useless to try to get Japan to reduce her military or naval forces so long as the United States was increasing hers, and America was not bound by the League. The Assembly has been deliberating on this question for more than three weeks. As it is not considered possible to reduce armaments at the present time, the programme before the Assembly is to proceed in three stages. The first would involve an agreement among the Powers to make no further increase in armaments; the second would provide for a gradual reduction; and the third would provide for complete disarmament when it may be found that the situation permits it. That, in the opinion of some readers of history and observers of mankind, will probably be the day after doomsday.

THE NATIONAL PARKS

The establishment and maintenance of our great National Parks as "noble and beautiful examples of natural marvels" constitute one of the finest achievements of modern democracy. These parks ought not to be curtailed nor ought their character to be modified except under the very greatest pressure of the general social welfare. A very powerful attempt is now being made to use them as reservoirs for the development of water power and of irrigation projects. The claim is made, no doubt sincerely, that water power and irrigation are social necessities and that natural beauties and recreation, while highly desirable, ought not to stand in the way of social necessity. The defenders of the National Parks reply that the needs of the people of the United States for power and irrigation can be satisfactorily met without injuring the National Parks. This is a very brief but, we believe, comprehensive statement of the controversy. To meet the situation Senator Jones, of Washington, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, has introduced into the Senate a bill known as S4554,

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 738)

Racey in the Montreal Star

THOSE FLAG INCIDENTS

Uncle Samuel: "John, I am disgusted with the actions of the gutter mobs in my country in insulting your flag. I am sincerely sorry and ask you to accept my regrets."

John Bull: "Don't mention it, old chap, I know where your heart is, and I know the sentiments of every true American. No real American does such silly things."

(The press of the U. S. A., with one exception, is unanimous in denouncing the recent flag incidents.)

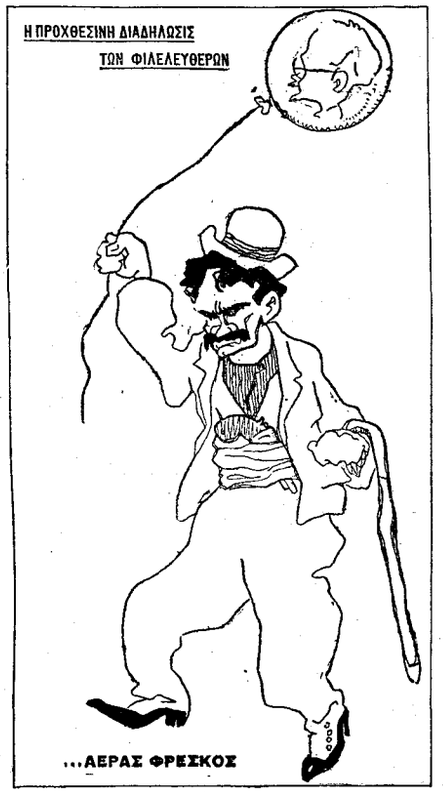
From Morrison Marsh, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pease in the Newark Evening News

HELPFULNESS, NOT GUARDIANSHIP

From Mrs. Reuben H. Reeve, Summit, N. J.

From the Athens (Greece) Politia



This cartoon, according to an Athens subscriber who forwards it to us, purports to represent a Venizelos supporter at the rally held in Constitution Square, Athens, when uncountable thousands of supporters of Venizelos packed the Square, and yet the Opposition press stated the next morning that the Square was an ideal place for a lonesome walk (constitutional) during the rally

From the Columbus Dispatch

IF YOU EXPECT ME TO CASH YOUR CHECKS YOU WILL HAVE TO PLAY THE GAME OUT OF THIS DECK"
ENTENTE POWERS
GREECE
THE NEW DEAL
THE "BANK"
THE OLD DISCARDED DECK
CONSTANTINE

SLIPPING HIMSELF A STRAY KING

From H. C. Weaver, Columbus, Ohio

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which amends the Federal Water Power Act as follows:

> That hereafter no permit, license, lease, or authorization for dams, conduits, reservoirs, power houses, transmission lines, or other works for storage or carriage of water, or for the development, transmission, or utilization of power, within the limits of any National park or National monument shall be granted or made without specific authority of Congress.

Mr. Esch, of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in the House, has introduced a parallel bill in the House of Representatives. These two bills should be supported by every public-spirited citizen in the United States and should be passed. They do not forbid the necessary developments of water power or irrigation reservoirs, but they do put the burden of proof upon the promoters of water power and irrigation, and that is where it justly belongs.

No great National policy like that which has led to the creation of our National Parks should be modified or interfered with unless the modification is carefully considered, publicly adopted, and approved by Congress. Congress made the parks. It has the right to decide what should be done with them. The solution of this question which is proposed by Senator Jones and Representative Esch is on the face of it just, equitable, and reasonable.

PROHIBITION SENSE AND NONSENSE

THE Acting Attorney-General of the United States recently declared that American ships are "constructive territory of the United States wherever they happen to be located." The bearing of this formidable-sounding legal opinion upon the future of the American merchant marine is apparent. If our ships are "constructive territory of the United States," obviously they come within the restrictions of the Eighteenth Amendment. Shipping men fear that the restriction upon the sale of liquor upon American ships will destroy the hope of building up an American-owned passenger service upon the seas.

If this is the result of the enforcement of the Volstead Act, the United States should face the issue with good grace. The United States adopted prohibition voluntarily. The time for considering the effect of the Eighteenth Amendment upon our merchant marine passed with the passage of that Amendment. It would be humiliating and hypocritical for the United States to permit the sale of liquor in part of its territory for commercial reasons while it prohibits it throughout the rest of its territory on moral and economic grounds.

There is another question involved in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment which is a horse of quite a different color. It has been suggested that our ambassadors be prohibited from attending dinners at which wines are served. To attempt to carry into effect such a proposal would serve no good purpose and would cause annoyance to many foreign hosts and humiliation to our representatives in foreign lands. When it becomes proper for guests to dictate to their hosts what they shall serve on their tables, it will be time enough for America to insist that its ambassadors shall refrain from attending dinners where wine is served. And not until then!

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB

AT a time when orchestral concerts in New York have lost vitality and lowered their standards, and when the cause of music has suffered by the discontinuance of the concerts of the Musical Art Society, it is refreshing to have the evidence of at least one great advance in musical taste in this country. For about a year the Harvard Glee Club has been developing into one of the finest choral organizations in America. Its recent concert in New York gives it the right to be judged by the same standards which are applicable to choirs of international reputation.

Like the glee clubs of other colleges in the past, that of Harvard confined itself to the singing of American college songs and simple part songs. Its concerts were social functions rather than musical occasions. When a glee club concert was over, it was certain that "a good time was had by all." The American college glee club, however, has never until now represented in the sphere of music that level of taste which is ordinarily associated, and certainly ought to be associated, with a college or university. Now the Harvard Glee Club is distinctly worthy of the best in American university life.

In its concert in New York its programme consisted of ecclesiastical music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, represented by works of Palestrina, Allegri, Lotti, and Bach; an Irish folk song; an English song by Thomas Morley of the sixteenth century; a group of three choruses by Anton Rubenstein; a dramatic part song by the English Negro Coleridge-Taylor; an impressionistic piece by the French composer Henri Du Parc; three choral love songs by Brahms, and a Hallelujah Chorus for men's voices by Handel.

Much more important than the tone quality, which was admirable, and the technical ability in attack and in expression, which was very high, was the intelligence and musicianly apprehension of the nature of the music which the chorus displayed. In technical performance the concert would have done honor to a body of professional singers, but in the inner musical quality there was evident the spirit that professionals often miss.

Great credit for the creation of the new Harvard Glee Club is due to Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, but a great share also is due to the Harvard undergraduates—not only those who are members, but all those who by their contribution to the public opinion of the undergraduate body, whether by joining in the competition for membership or otherwise, have made it possible for the club to attain its present mature musical stature.

MASTER OF BILLIARD

THE world of sport has many heroes and many champions, but we know of none as pre-eminent in a particular field as William Hoppe. For sixteen years he has held unquestioned supremacy at the game of 18.2 balk-line billiards, a game which in its perfection requires all the delicacy of touch which distinguishes the art of a great violinist, the judgment of a chess player, and the mental self-control and nerve of a golfer called upon to hole an eighteen-foot putt for a national championship. When Hoppe enters a tournament, it is practically a foregone conclusion that, no matter how strong the opposition, he will carry away the title in a series of straight victories. There are promising players in the world of professional billiards, but the only crown for which they can contend is the crown of second place.

The recent National championship held at the Astor Hotel, in New York City, was just another chapter in the familiar story, but it was a chapter worth reading by those who like to see any sport or any art supremely well done.

A National billiard tournament has none of the accompaniments which one is accustomed to imagine as part of every professionalized sport. In the ballroom of the Astor a brass rail surrounds the inclosure wherein the green cloth of the table affords a pleasant

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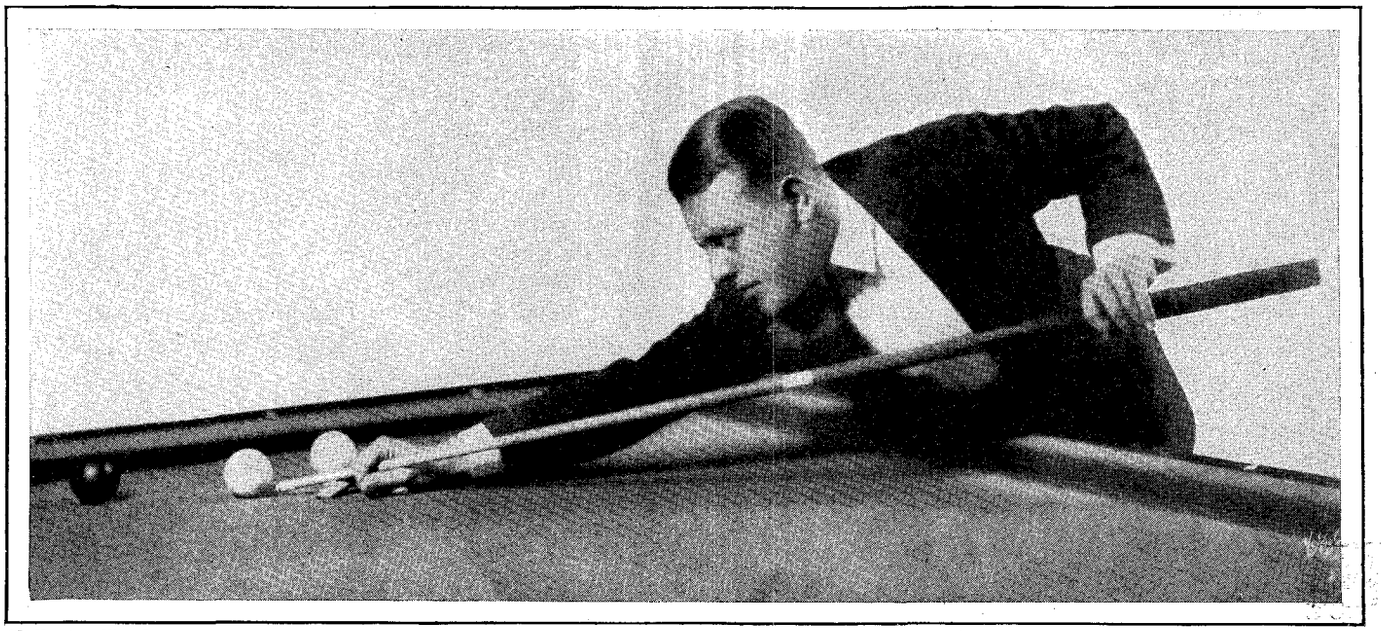

(C) Keystone View Co.

HOPPE MAKING A "GATHER SHOT"

relief for the eye. Around this inclosure banks of gilded chairs are placed. The spectators are largely initiates who know the game and its possibilities from observation and aspiration, if not from personal achievement. No smoking is permitted, and the solemnity of the occasion is broken only by an occasional burst of applause when some player makes a brilliant shot or completes a successful run.

Hoppe himself is a delight to watch in action. He rarely hesitates for a moment between shots. His every action speaks vividly of sureness of mind and an uncanny physical co-ordination. Under his expert touch the balls seem almost endowed with individual intelligence. They do everything but talk. At his direction they separate, scatter widely, and come back to him again as though drawn by an invisible magnet. In the illustration which accompanies this editorial Hoppe is about to effect such a "gather shot," though one of a much simpler nature than many which he successfully completes in every tournament. If our illustration could be turned into a moving picture, it would show his cue ball striking the first object ball and returning in its track to the ball which lies beside his hand. Likewise it would show the first object ball on its way to the end of the table, whence it would in turn come back to a position assuring to the master of billiards an impregnable position for the continuation of his run.

There are times when we are tempted to declaim against the futility of spending a lifetime in the perfection of a thing which is in itself not essential to life. There have been Chinese carvings of spheres within spheres which have moved us to exclamations of impatience. Yet somehow the sight of Hoppe effecting a brilliant draw shot or a difficult massé arouses no such emotion in our minds. There are times when supreme craftsmanship is its own justification.

COMMERCIAL COURTESY AND COMMON SENSE

THE Fifth Avenue Coach Company of New York has recently given to the New York public an example of commercial courtesy and common sense which is distinctly deserving of record.

The busses of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, as is well known, are double-decker affairs. Smoking in the past has been permitted on the rear seats of the upper deck. The president of the company found that complaints against the abuse of this privilege were increasing, so he invited all users of the busses to present their views for his company's consideration. Hundreds of letters came in response to this request, and as a result of this inquiry the company has decided to permit smokers to enjoy the use of the rear seats on the upper deck, while at the same time enjoining them to observe certain restrictions necessary to prevent giving offense or annoyance to non-smokers utilizing the transportation facilities of this company. The company has provided its conductors with little pamphlets giving the history of this inquiry into public manners, which they are instructed to hand to offenders against the present rules. It has not only asked its patrons to carry out these very reasonable regulations, but it has also asked them to give their names and addresses and to indicate their willingness to testify in behalf of conductors unjustly accused because of their efforts to enforce the company's sensible rules. This is a duty which should be a pleasure for the patrons of this company to perform.

The president of the company says that the replies to this inquiry "struck a remarkable average of tolerance and consideration for fellow-passengers, and gave fresh proof of that trait of the New York public—their genuine sense of fairness—which makes our own task of serving them so much lighter and more pleasant." In support of this statement he quotes letters from ardent smokers offering to abandon the practice of smoking on the busses if it should be decided that this practice constituted an unfair annoyance to the general public. Letters from women were received who had suffered serious annoyance from smokers and who yet were willing to have this practice continued. One such woman wrote:

> I think if you forbade smoking it would deprive many men of a great pleasure; but there is another point of view. Once my hat was *entirely* ruined by a man spitting from the top of an omnibus as I was getting off—and another day a dress was almost spoiled by the same thing. I do not think there are many such thoughtless people, and I think I would advocate the men being allowed to smoke.

A man also showed his ability to see with other people's eyes by writing:

> I presume the writer spends $1 per day on your busses, appreciating it as a very reasonable transit. I am an inveterate smoker and generally ride on top. I think it would be wise to

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abolish all smoking on the busses, and am ready to make that small sacrifice in the *interests of the general good.* If a forceful and thoughtful presentation of the subject is made, I believe the innovation could be made without friction.

The bus company hopes that the regulations which have been adopted will prevent the need of so drastic a change in the habits of its patrons, but whether this is so or not, the whole controversy has created an inviting picture of American good sense and afforded a striking example of commercial courtesy. There are other public service concerns which can well afford to follow the example of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN ALLIANCE

THE recent meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ at Washington was significant, first, for the character of the attendance. More than five hundred delegates were present, representing thirty Christian bodies. Conspicuous among the foreign delegates were General Robert Georges Nivelle, of France, and the Rev. R. C. Gillie, of London, President-elect of the Free Church Council.

The meeting was significant, in the second place, because of the importance of the subjects considered; during the six days' session practically all the larger problems before the Christian Church were passed in review. The climax of the meeting was reached when a report was presented outlining a programme of the Council's future. This report recommended to the constituent bodies the strengthening of the Council, so that it might better fulfill its purposes, among which are:

To express the fellowship and catholic unity of the Christian Church.

To bring the Christian bodies of America into united service for Christ and the world.

To encourage devotional fellowship and mutual counsel concerning the spiritual life and religious activities of the churches.

To secure a larger combined influence for the churches of Christ in all matters affecting the moral and social conditions of the people, so as to promote the application of the law of Christ in every relation of human life.

The Council was established, as has often been said, "for the prosecution of work that can be better done in union than in separation." To this end it authorized the Executive Committee to appoint such additional secretaries as may be necessary to carry forward a larger work, and requested the constituent bodies to provide for the Council's support by a system of equitable apportionment. Should this recommendation be adopted by the churches it would give them, for the first time, an adequate organ of representation in their common work. Dr. Robert E. Speer was chosen President for the next four years.

Most significant of all, however, was the spirit pervading the Council. While not blind to present difficulties and dangers, the Council faces the future with a confident spirit promising well for "the resolute and united advance" to which it calls the churches. We hope that the Council may realize Bishop Lawrence's words to them: "We need to-day something of the same spirit of adventure which the Pilgrim Fathers had. If they had put on the Mayflower the motto 'Safety First' they would never have reached this country."

WHAT OUR BOYS FACE IN THE CANAL ZONE

MUCH of our present prosperity is due to our merchant sailors. When Jack's ashore in the seaport cities of our mainland, he finds welfare work carried on for his benefit. This is also true of some of the ports of our possessions. In one of these possessions —the Canal Zone—the need for such work seems to be greater than elsewhere.

The ports of Colon and Panama are daily visited by hundreds of seamen from commercial vessels as well as by sailors and soldiers of the United States Navy and Army. In addition there is the American community along the Panama Canal, composed of nearly fourteen thousand of our white fellow-citizens, together with the many soldiers located at the posts which guard the Canal. The social conditions are remarkable.

In the first place, though the Eighteenth Amendment is in operation in the Zone proper, in some of the streets of Colon and Panama nearly every other store is a saloon. The Zone comprises a strip of territory five miles wide on either side of the Canal, but excluding the cities of Colon and Panama.

Second, in no other region of equal population is there more prostitution. Most of the prostitutes are suffering from syphilis or gonorrhea or both.

A tropical climate, together with bad elements in the mixed foreign and native population, undermines our boys' morals. They must be safeguarded at all costs so as ultimately to come back as unsullied as can be.

Of course the best possible solution would be to get reform legislation from the Government at Panama. Pending this, Americans must do the next best thing. They must provide halls for clean amusements and light refreshments and buildings for religious worship. As to worship, some seventeen Protestant denominations are represented among the five hundred resident members of the Union Church of the Canal Zone and the thousand young people in the Sunday schools. This nonsectarian church was established in 1914. It includes four local congregations and one mission. The treasurer of the Church is Mr. A. R. Kimball, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. From the beginning this experiment in Christian co-operation has been successful. But only a beginning has been made to provide proper physical equipment. The Outlook appeals with confidence for aid in this endeavor.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE WAR

AS there is a time in our northern lands when day is ended and yet night has not come, so now we are living in a time when the World War is ended and yet world peace is not come. It is the twilight of the war. Impulses that governed all but the most sordid or insensible or cynical among us while the enemy exposed us to a common danger are no longer lively. There is no longer the urgent call to self-sacrifice, no longer the prompt response. And yet there remains the restlessness bred of war. Nerves are still on the trigger. People are again resorting to foreign travel for recreation, and yet, as never in the former days of peace, they are hampered by war-time passports. Commerce is reviving, and yet it feels the drag of the restrictions surviving the blockade and of the impediments in foreign exchange. Treaties of peace have been signed, yet we hear of fighting in Russia, in Ireland, in what was Turkey, and along the Adriatic; and we expect fighting to be renewed in Poland.

Nominally, enemy nations are now friendly; but there lacks the confidence that is the only true basis for interna-

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tional as well as for personal friendship. It is impossible for those who felt the devastating touch of the creatures in field-gray to think of Germans without a shudder. The Germans meant that their atrocities should be remembered, and they are remembered. Peaceful relations with those who perpetrated the deeds cannot be re-established by the mere signing of a treaty. With them we are no longer at war, but it can hardly be said that with them all the world is yet at peace.

It is in this twilight of the war that the League of Nations is sitting at Geneva. This assemblage seems to be an embodiment of the spirit of the times. While it attempts to organize peace, it lacks the coherence and driving power of a war alliance. It is designed to unite in a common fraternity the civilized nations of the world, but it still excludes, as it ought to exclude, those nations which, though deprived of belligerent power, retain the belligerent disposition. Lacking both the stimulus of war and the normal relationships of peace, the nations whose representatives are assembled at Geneva are in these days subjected to a severer test than that provided by either peace or war.

In spite, however, of its depressing influences, such a time as this has certain compensating advantages. In time of peace sentimentalism is too likely to interfere with reasonable preparation for war. In war time emotional strain forbids concentration of thought upon the establishment of permanent peaceful relationships. In this twilight period, free alike from an abnormal emotionalism and from sentimental excess, it ought to be possible for men to keep in mind the lessons of war while setting their faces for peace; to keep their minds fixed on ideals without letting go their hold on facts.

It will serve to promote just and stable international relations if, in organizing peace, men in authority keep clear certain distinctions.

National isolation is a relative term. No nation has ever been able to live wholly in itself. Those who profess to advocate a policy of aloofness could not, even if they would, keep nations aloof. The Chinese Wall, a symbol of isolation, never kept China isolated. Japan, even in the period of exclusiveness, was never completely shut off from other peoples. Great Britain's traditional policy of "splendid isolation" was carried on when the British were penetrating all parts of the globe. In the world as it is constituted to-day points of contact between nations are increasing in number and in complexity.

These international relations are not all of the same kind. They may for the most part be put into three categories —administrative, diplomatic (or political), and legal.

Under administrative relations may be grouped all those questions that arise between nations which can be settled on a basis of routine. These involve no questions of essential policy on the part of any nation or group of nations. Their difficulties can be mastered by experts and need never become cause for friction. Such questions as international postal arrangements, bills of lading, details of the management of ports, exchange of information concerning maritime charts, and many other matters essential to intercourse between nations are of great importance, but they need never become questions for public discussion. For centuries such questions have been arising from time to time, but in recent years, with the development of means of travel and trade, they have become more and more numerous and more and more technical. Even war so destructive as that from which we are emerging does not sever all such relations; for the processes of exchanging prisoners or of sending money and provisions to prisoners in enemy territory became, after the arrangements were once made, a matter of routine.

Under diplomatic (or political) relations may be grouped all those questions that arise between nations which involve matters of national policy and interest. These questions are often conflicting, and in many cases are pregnant with strife. What is to the advantage of one nation may be or seem to be of disadvantage to its neighbor. They are not necessarily questions of right or wrong. For example, if the matter of tolls in the Panama Canal had not been made the subject of agreement by treaty, it would have been a question purely of national interest and policy. Such questions, like questions as to wages or hours of labor between employer and employee, do not necessarily involve any law or equity. They are questions to be settled by compromise and mutual agreement if possible, and are proper subjects of arbitration. They are usually settled by compromise between diplomats. They constitute the texture and fabric of diplomacy. The men to whose settlement they are intrusted are trustees of the interests of their respective nations, and are morally bound to see that their respective peoples are not put at a disadvantage. These constitute the kind of questions from which most wars spring, or at least used to spring. They cannot be settled by strictly judicial tribunals because they do not involve questions of law or equity; but they can be, and often have been, settled by arbitral tribunals, because it is found that a disinterested party can often adjust conflicting interests. Indeed, it often happens that even after a war the belligerents will resort to what is virtually the arbitration of a neutral.

Under legal relations should be grouped all those questions that arise between nations which involve international law. This group of questions is of comparatively modern origin, because the existence of international law as it is at present understood has been recognized clearly only in modern times. And yet these legal questions between nations are not without precedent in mediæval or even ancient times. There was a general recognition in the Middle Ages of the distinction between lawful and unlawful dynastic claims. The Church acted on occasions as a judge of the law. Those who take the German view that every sovereign state is unmoral and without obligation to observe any law, human or divine, except that of its own necessity, deny even now that there is any such thing as international law; but that question seems to have been settled by the World War. It was Germany's defiance not merely of the interests of her neighbors but of her neighbors' rights that roused the world against her. It is generally recognized to-day that nations have rights in law and equity, and therefore that nations are bound by law and equity to observe one another's rights. With the development of practice and custom generally recognized as having legal validity and with the multiplication of treaties, which are in the nature of legally recognized contracts, these legal relations between nations become more and more important.

In great measure the failure of statesmen so far to perfect an international organization for peace, or even to draft one that creates more confidence than distrust, is due to the failure to observe the distinction between these three kinds of international relations. It is natural for diplomats and politicians to think that all questions can best be settled by political and diplomatic methods. As a matter of fact, many of the most serious failures in government have been due to intrusting to politicians questions that are essentially non-political. We are learning in America that there is a legitimate function

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of the politician, but that it does not concern such purely administrative questions as those affecting the routine business of a municipality or the conduct of such a national enterprise as the post office, and that emphatically it should be kept separate from the machinery of the law. What we have learned of the corrupting influence of politics that has extended beyond its proper sphere in matters of domestic concern we should apply to questions arising between nations.

If during this period the nations can learn how to organize their mutual relations so as to confine the diplomats and politicians to their proper function and to intrust administrative questions to experts and legal questions to international jurists, this twilight of the war may prove to be not what it seems, a time of confusion, but a time of construction.

HYPHEN AND PACIFIST ALLIES

TWO elements in our population have repeatedly shown a mutual affinity. During the war the German-American who was more concerned with Germany than with America found a ready partner in his propaganda in the pacifist. Together the German-American and the pacifist labored to keep the country out of war. The fact that their reasons were not altogether identical did not prevent the effect of their activities being the same. And together they did more than any one else to create dissension within the Nation and to keep the Nation unprepared for the task to which it was inevitably called. To-day there is a new partnership of exactly the same kind. This time the pacifist's partner is the Irish-American.

A privately organized committee has been holding sessions in Washington, listening to reports and opinions of various people concerning the troubles in Ireland. The head and front of this committee is Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the "Nation." Mr. Villard is one of our pacifists. He has found ready supporters among those Americans of Irish descent who think of Ireland as their motherland, just as the German-Americans thought of Germany as their fatherland. It is this committee which has brought to this country Mrs. MacSwiney, the widow of the hunger-striker, Lord Mayor of Cork, who starved himself to death as a martyr to the Sinn Fein cause.

This committee has no power to swear witnesses or to provide adequate cross-examination. It has failed, as it was bound to fail, to secure reports and opinions directly from Sinn Fein's opponents. Its only effect upon Great Britain has been to arouse resentment against what the British regard as American meddling with matters that concern the British Empire. It is the same sort of resentment which would be aroused in this country if a committee of Englishmen should stir up racial feeling in this country by assuming the prerogative of inquiring into the lynching of Negroes.

It is not necessary or right to attribute consciously selfish or sordid motives to those who are engaged in this so-called investigation. Their intentions, however good they may be, do not alleviate one bit their offense against international relations and the interests of this country. Theirs is a performance which can result in no contribution to sound public information and can result only in intensifying prejudice and occasioning resentment.

The Irish-Americans who are engaging in this effort are obscuring the just claims of the Irish by their endeavor to involve America in the cause of Sinn Fein, and thus are injuring the cause they are professing to promote. And the pacifists engaged in this enterprise, by arousing resentment and causing friction, and thus making peace more difficult, are likewise injuring the cause they profess to promote.

It has always been the doom of the hyphenate to bring disrepute upon the country of his origin and the doom of the pacifist to bring disrepute upon the cause of peace.

NOT AS OTHERS ARE, BUT STILL WORTH WHILE

THE Provincetown Players have for seven years flung out the banner of defiance to the commercial stage of Broadway. Despite the excellence of some of their productions, despite the idealistic aims of those who have organized this association, the commercial stage still seems to be doing nicely, thank you. Nor is this statement to be taken as referring wholly to its financial status.

We are quite aware of the fact that the commercial stage has a legion of shortcomings to answer for. It has coined vulgarity into profit, it has built up a star system which has retarded the development of the art of acting, it has pushed forward incompetent actors for personal reasons, and it is alleged (with how much truth we cannot say from first-hand knowledge) that it has entered into a conspiracy to keep plays of real intelligence off the stage. The evidence of this last season's plays does not wholly support this complaint.

One thing, however, the commercial stage has not been guilty of, and that is intellectual snobbery. On the whole, we are inclined to think that the dramatic snob may be as hurtful to his art as the dramatic vulgarian. A hint at what we mean by intellectual snobbery may be found in a quotation from the announcement which the Provincetown Players distribute to those who foregather in their excellent little theater in Macdougal Street. This announcement begins: "There exist to-day in New York City perhaps a thousand men and women who, as individuals, are the spiritual equals of those who saw the first performances of Aristophanes, Molière, or Shakespeare." It is easy to guess what argument follows this statement, a statement which is neither historically sound nor dramatically wholesome. Certainly neither Aristophanes nor Shakespeare wrote their plays for any small group of (we know of no other word to use) highbrows. The art of Shakespeare was catholic enough in its embrace to include in its appeal the euphuists who followed in the footsteps of Sir John Lyly, the gallants of the Court who watched his plays from coigns of vantage on the stage, and that Elizabethan equivalent, filling the pit of the Globe Theatre, of those who now delight in the antics of Mack Sennett and his troupe.

When one is further informed by the Provincetown Players that "groups like ours are about to inherit the whole duty of dramatic man," and that they think one of their promised plays "good, even though it be predestined to popularity," the casual visitor in Greenwich Village is indeed tempted to hie himself back to the dramatic marts of Broadway.

But for those who chance to visit the theater of the Provincetown Players and who feel such a reaction we have a word of advice. Don't depart in anger, for the fare is better than the menu.

One of the most successful bills which the Provincetown Players have recently staged begins with a delightful curtain-raiser wherein Harlequin and Pierrot war for the heart of Columbine. Pierrot is a dreamer and his weapons are fantasies of the mind; Harlequin is a practical soul, useful at sweeping time, but otherwise about as inspiring as a cold potato. We can

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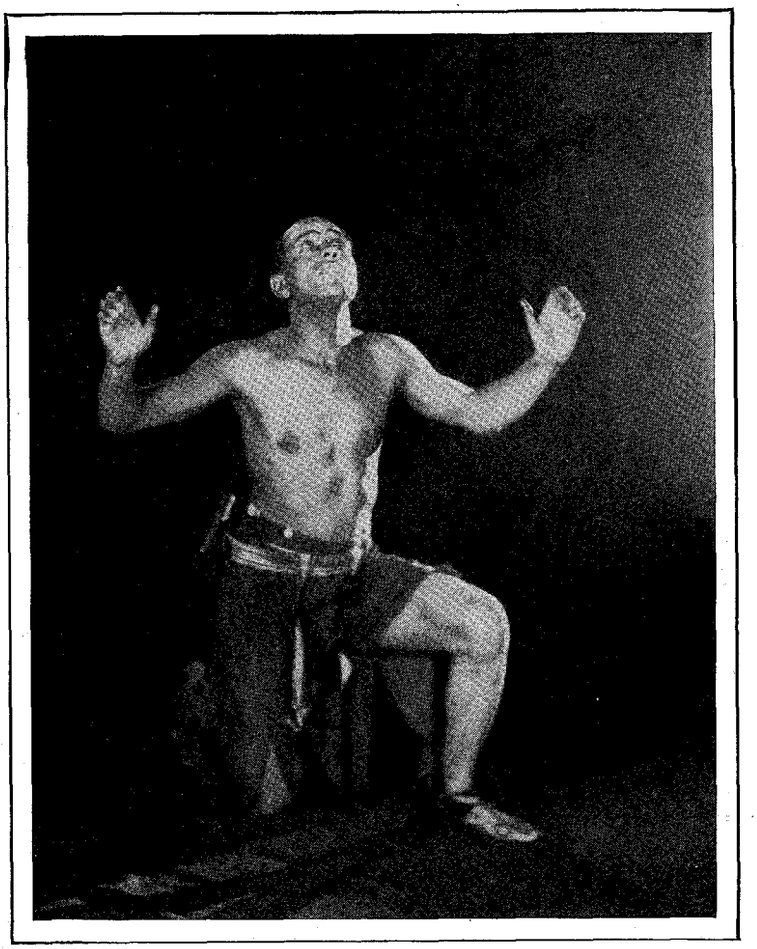
leave our readers to guess which wins the victory.

Following this curtain-raiser by Lawrence Langner comes a play which has excited no little interest among dramatic critics. It is Eugene O'Neill's striking study of terror called "The Emperor Jones."

The Emperor Jones is an American Negro, an ex-convict, and a refugee from justice. When the play opens, he is Emperor of a West Indian island, a position he has won by a process untainted with legality or honor. He is biding his time, waiting until he has squeezed his superstitious followers dry. When that moment occurs, he is expecting to prescribe for himself a very sudden change of climate.

He miscalculates his time of grace, for when he comes on the stage he learns from his side partner in evil, a cockney beach-comber, that his followers have fled to the hills, whence the tom-tom has called them to war. But he has laid his plans for escape well. With bravado based upon his conscious superiority to the rabble which he has betrayed, and trusting to the fact that the tribesmen believe him invulnerable save from a silver bullet, he departs for the coast.

The next scene finds him at the edge of the forest at nightfall. He has traversed a great plain and has come to the place where his cache of food was hidden. It has disappeared, and his bravado begins to slip away from him. The great forest which he has entered takes hold of his spirit. The brittle armor of the theology of his childhood disappears and leaves him at heart a primitive savage, as superstitious as the wild pursuers whose drums continually throb through the forest aisles. The story of his progress through the forest is told in seven scenes. As the terror grows upon him he sees apparitions among the trees—the form of a fellow-gambler he has slain, the figure of the prison guard he has murdered, a slave auction and himself upon the block, the hold of a slave ship America-bound, and an African witch doctor and his god. As each apparition appears he fires a shot from his revolver, until at last there remains to him only the silver bullet which he has saved for his own destruction if worse comes to worst. This shot, too, he expends, and at last his pursuers trap him close by the very point where he started the night before. He falls, riddled by the silver bullets which have been cast to encompass his end.



CHARLES S. GILPIN, AS EMPEROR JONES. THE TRAPPINGS OF STATE HAVE FALLEN FROM HIM IN HIS FLIGHT FROM THE PEOPLE HE HAS DUPED AND BETRAYED

Certainly the psychology of his visions and of his terror is not wholly sound. Nor are the stage mechanics of his apparitions as successfully done as (whisper it not in Gath) they might have been done on commercial Broadway. But even if the obvious limitations of both stage and book are taken into consideration, the work of Charles S. Gilpin, the Negro actor who plays the part of Emperor Jones, is remarkably convincing. It is extremely doubtful whether Broadway would have afforded him the chance to play this part, and for that lovers of the drama can be grateful to the Provincetown Players. But we wish that their efforts were a little less permeated with the spirit of the fly that rode upon the wheel of Alexander's chariot!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTER TO THE A. E. F.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

MORE than two years have passed since Armistice Day, and nearly two years have gone by since Mr. Roosevelt died, on January 6, 1919. The approaching anniversary of his death gives added interest to a story which has just reached us of a letter which he sent to the A. E. F. for a Christmas greeting in 1918.

Mr. Benjamin F. Seldon, a Y. M. C. A. secretary who served with the 367th Infantry (colored—the Buffaloes), promised Mr. Roosevelt that he would keep him in touch with the progress of that regiment. Colonel Roosevelt was particularly interested in this unit, first because he was president of its welfare organization, and secondly because some of the officers of the regiment, including Colonel Moss, its Commander, were serving in the 24th Infantry when that regiment was in support of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill. After the first battle in which the 367th Infantry was engaged Mr. Seldon wrote Mr. Roosevelt asking him to send the Buffaloes a Christmas letter. Mr. Roosevelt replied that he could not discriminate among the regiments, and therefore sent a letter for all the

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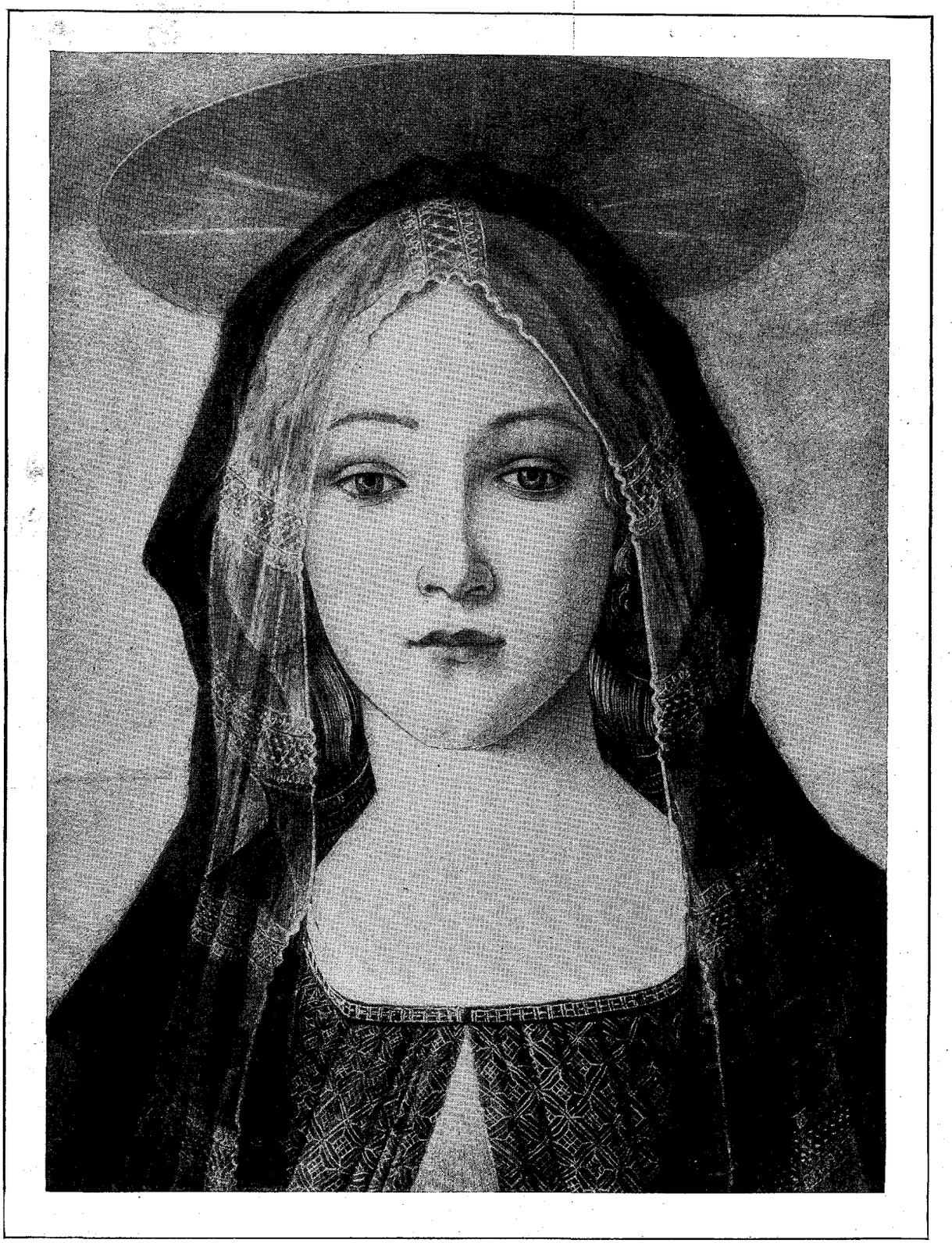

THE MADONNA. BY BOTTICELLI

(From the National Gallery in London)

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A. E. F. soldiers. This letter did not arrive until after the Christmas season was over. By Christmas, 1919, the war had ended, and so Mr. Roosevelt's letter never received the wide publication among the men for whom it was intended. We publish this message on this page, feeling that it will not have lost its meaning or its timeliness for any of the men for whose encouragement it was written. It contains a message which America should be slow to forget.

The spirit of this letter provides a background for a story significant of the devotion in which Mr. Roosevelt was held by the countless friends who never met him in the flesh. When a certain old lady heard of Mr. Roosevelt's death, she said: "I do not see why Mr. Roosevelt should have been taken away from us here unless it was that the Lord needed a big, kind-hearted colonel to look after the boys who have given their lives in the war!"

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM COLONEL ROOSEVELT TO THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY

I GREET with all good wishes the officers and all men wearing the uniform of the Army or the Navy of the United States, and above all I greet those who are overseas. All good Americans are henceforth forever the debtors of the fighting men of America who have come to the colors in this war. They have rendered the one supreme service, and all the rest of us have merely stood behind them and helped in so far as our abilities and opportunities permitted. I wish them a glorious victory and a safe return. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

KNOLL PAPERS

CHRISTMAS AND THE UNIVERSAL MADONNA

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

SOME philosophers, searching among primitive peoples for the origin of religion, find its source in the primitive instincts of fear and dependence. The savage fears the unknown and seeks to appease the wrath of the gods or feels his dependence upon unknown powers and seeks to secure their aid in his undertakings. True. But not all the truth. Love is as primitive an instinct as fear, and the desire to protect is as universal as the desire for protection. The chickens fly to the mother hen when the hawk appears, but not more eagerly than the mother hen calls them to her protecting wings. The babe loves to cuddle to the mother's breast; not less does the mother love to have her babe lying there.

The world is a battlefield. Life is a perpetual struggle. But in this age-long campaign, struggle for others is as universal as struggle for self. Courage is as primitive as cowardice, self-sacrifice as self-seeking. Henry Drummond has shown in his revealing book "The Ascent of Man" that the life of self-sacrifice is discernible throughout the creation daily enacted before our eyes, from the division of the cell in the beginnings of life to the highest ministrations of love in the mother's world. That self-sacrifice is a law of nature is recognized by such purely scientific and avowedly unreligious writers as Darwin and Haeckel, but by no one, I think, is it more beautifully portrayed and scientifically illustrated than by Drummond. He sums up his scientific demonstration in what might well be entitled "The Scientist's Psalm of Love:"

> To interpret the course of Evolution without this [law of sacrifice] would be to leave the richest side even of material Nature without an explanation. Retrace the ground even thus hastily traveled over, and see how full Creation is of meaning, of anticipation, of good for man, how far back begins the undertone of Love. Remember that nearly all the beauty of the world is Love-Beauty—the corolla of the flower and the plume of the grass, the lamp of the firefly, the plumage of the bird, the horn of the stag, the face of a woman; that nearly all the music of the natural world is Love-music—the song of the nightingale, the call of the mammal, the chorus of the insect, the serenade of the lover; that nearly all the foods of the world are Love-foods—the date and the raisin, the banana and the bread-fruit, the locust and the honey, the eggs, the grains, the seeds, the cereals, and the legumes; that all the drinks of the world are Love-drinks—the juices of the sprouting grain and the withered hop, the milk from the udder of the cow, the wine from the Love-cup of the vine. Remember that the Family, the crown of all higher life, is the creation of Love; that Co-operation, which means power, which means wealth, which means leisure, which therefore means art and culture, recreation and education, is the gift of Love. Remember not only these things, but the diffusions of feeling which accompany them, the elevations, the ideals, the happiness, the goodness, and the faith in more goodness, and ask if it is not a world of Love in which we live.

The reverence paid to the Virgin Mother is a sacramental recognition of this truth. All pure motherhood is adorable, because all pure motherhood is divine. The first child born in a home creates in that home a kind of love never before known there—a father love and a mother love. The child creates it because he needs it, and it is a moral as well as an economic truth that demand creates supply. It is true that in some mothers the capacity for mother love has been stifled by self-indulgence, and in other mothers it has been destroyed by despair. Nevertheless it is primitive, elemental, transcending all analysis, all definition. It is not too great for the boorish shepherds to revere it; nor, even in a stable, too common for the Wise Men to bow before it. And since love is the greatest thing in the world, and he that loveth knoweth God, we may reverently say that in every cradle lies an Immanuel, God with us.

The greatest gift ever given to the world was the Christ-child, for he came bringing to the world the gift of God's love, which is God's glory, and the gift of peace and good will among men, which are the very atmosphere and climate of God's kingdom. Every child is a Christ-child and brings to the world similar gifts. It is a curious fact that the new-born babe, who has nothing and is dependent on others for everything, brings with him to the mother who bore him the greatest of all gifts—the gift of mother love.

The mother needs the child no less than the child needs the mother. He needs some one to love him; she needs some one to love. Because he needs everything and she has everything to give he satisfies her heart, as the beauty of art satisfies her eye, the beauty of music satisfies her ear, the beauty of truth satisfies her reason. So our needs make us dear to God. There is one and only one gift we can give to him this Christmas season—we can give him some one to love.

And that is something.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) Paul Thompson

MRS. MACSWINEY'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF AMERICA

Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the act of Terence MacSwiney in starving himself to death in an English prison, there can be none as to the pathos of the figure presented by his widow as she appeared on landing on American soil to testify before a privately organized committee in Washington as to conditions in Ireland to-day. Editorial comment on this enterprise which is giving publicity to Sinn Fein is printed on another page of this issue

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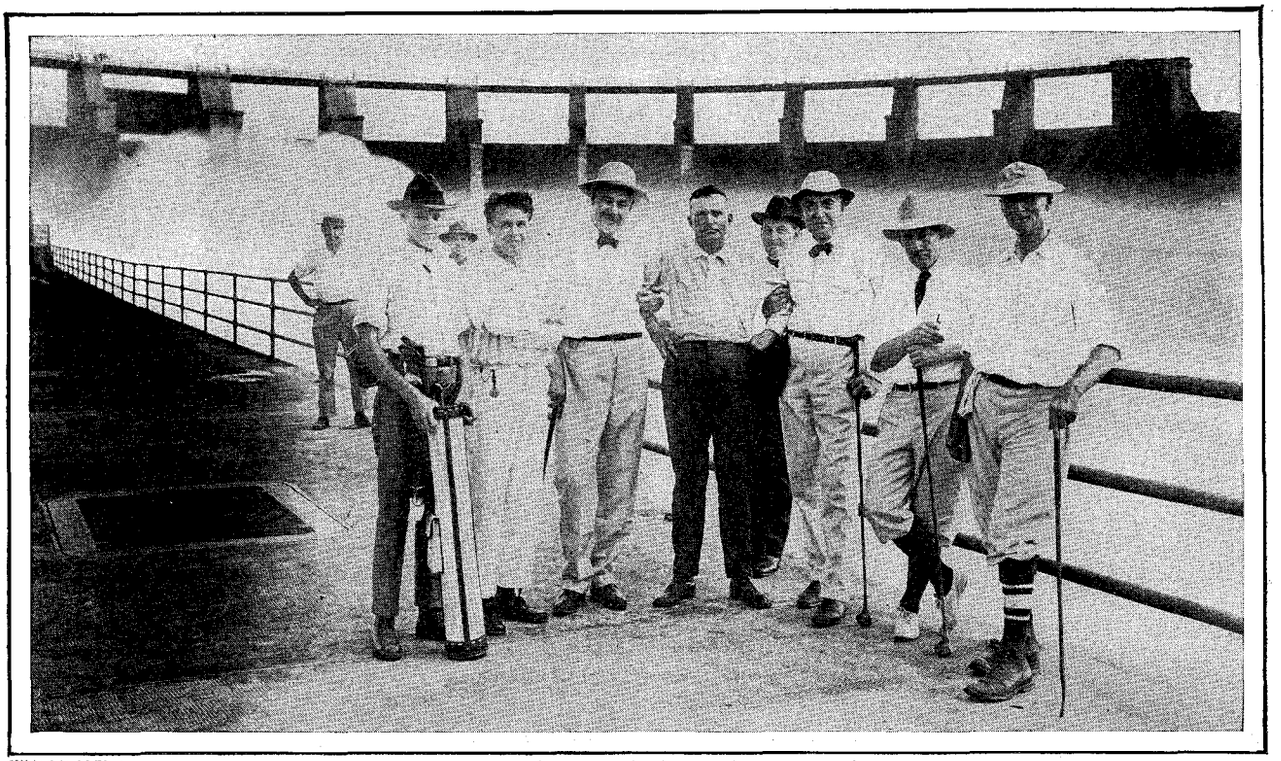
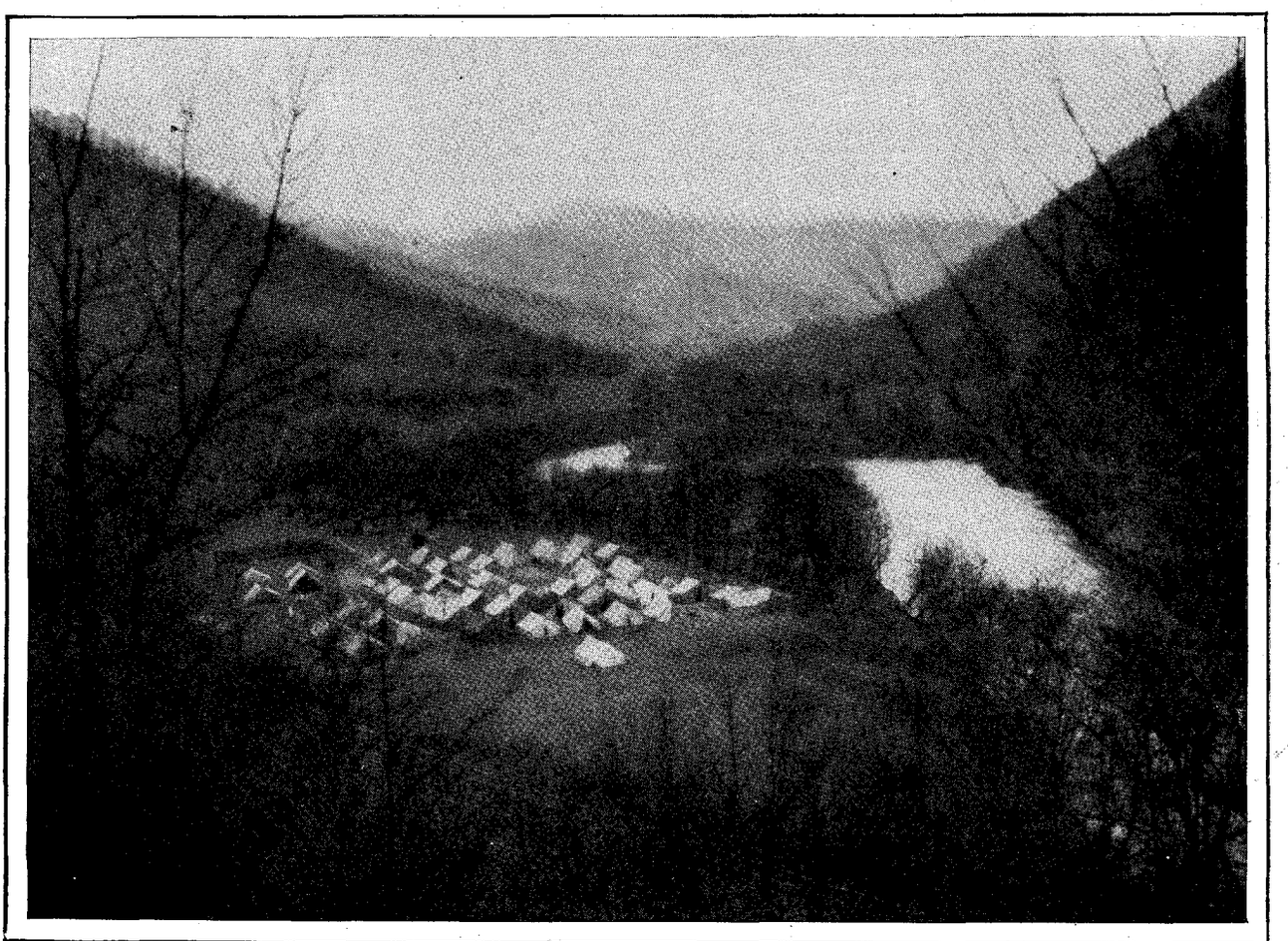


Wide World Photos

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING ON HIS VACATION IN PANAMA

Mr. Harding is the third figure from the right, photographed as he stood on the Gatun Spillway Dam, at the moment when the gates were opened and the vast volume of water came pouring through



International

EVICTED WEST VIRGINIA MINERS LIVING IN A TENT COLONY

In spite of the approaching winter, many of the striking West Virginia miners, who are without homes, have, it is announced, been compelled to adopt tent life. The photograph shows a view of the tent colony at Lick Creek, near Williamson

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EARTH-SONG

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Into the dark of my last quest
I will adventure with my might.
The stars shall bear me company:
They too are unafraid of night.

Into the earth as black as I,
Serenely will I go alone.
She will not turn, but hold me close,
Claiming me gladly for her own.

Forsaken I can never be,
Knowing that Death will come for me.

AMERICA'S AIR TANGLE

A BRITISH VIEW

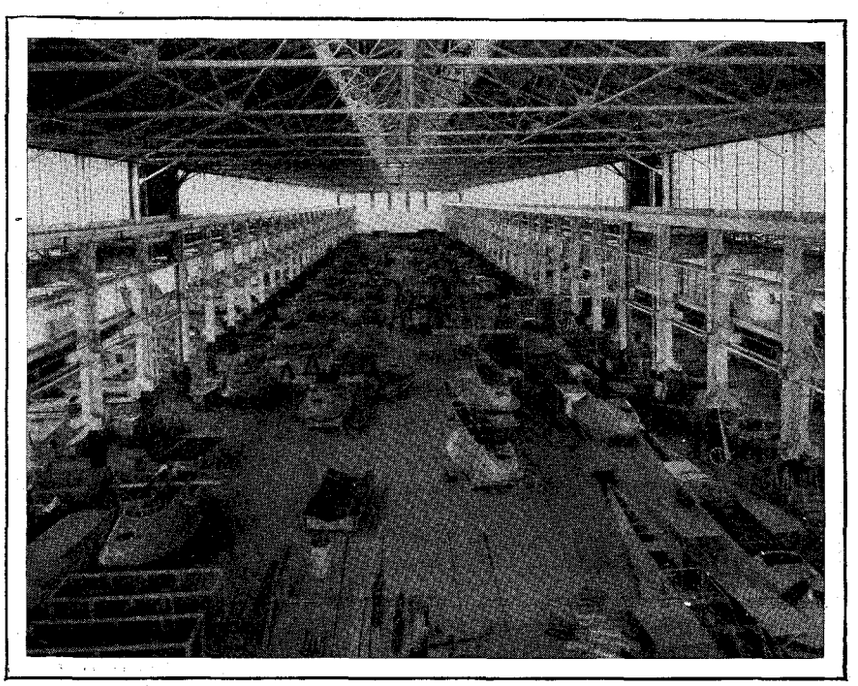
BY CUTHBERT HICKS

LATE ROYAL AIR FORCE

THE necessities of war created the American Air Service almost in a single night. The economies of peace have to a large extent caused it to wither in a day.

This child of war grew with such rapidity that its parents had little control over him. He was groggy at the knees and topheavy, and his appetite was enormous. So when the armistice came there went up a general sigh of relief that the precocious infant could now be abandoned. And abandoned it was, till it has dwindled and shrunk into an anæmic and starved prodigy. Experts and trained nurses have been called in for fear the child might pass away altogether, but up till now it lingers in spite of the fact that the doctors cannot decide what will best revive it into a healthy, sturdy offspring of the Nation and give it a permanent organization.

The whole trouble can be traced to one or two sources. First, the air service, being an entirely new organization, had no precedent upon which to build and no tradition to uphold, for in 1914 the United States possessed six airplanes and boasted fourteen pilots, and in the rush of war there is a time limit to expediency. Secondly, the lessons of war proved that aircraft had not only come to stay, but that its importance was enormous—and here is the real trouble. While no one, except two distinguished British admirals, has had the courage to say that aircraft has so revolutionized warfare that the navy and army will take second place to it, yet there appears to be throughout both services something that very nearly approaches resentment that this new science should be given such prominence. As matters stand to-day, it is not of course true that the air predominates over the water and land forces in matters of strategy and warfare, but there are shrewd judges who believe that it very soon will. There are also those who *fear* that it will, and with conservative selfishness desire to tie this prodigy to their apron strings lest it should become unruly.



"The necessities of war created the American Air Service almost in a single night." Airplanes were rushed to completion in factories like this, which made naval planes during the war

WHO OBSTRUCT THE CREATION OF A DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR?

It will be remembered that the American Aviation Mission, which visited England, France, and Italy, recommended "the concentration of the air activities, military, naval, and civilian, within the direction of a single Government agency created for the purpose co-equal in importance with the Departments of War, Navy, and Commerce." The vexed question of whether the Air Service should remain organized in two wings, one attached to the Navy and one to the Army, arose again, as it has in all the Allied countries. Also whether it should not be a separate arm of the fighting service.

In my opinion, neither the professional soldier nor the professional sailor is fully qualified to judge of the possibilities and powers of the air service. He is,

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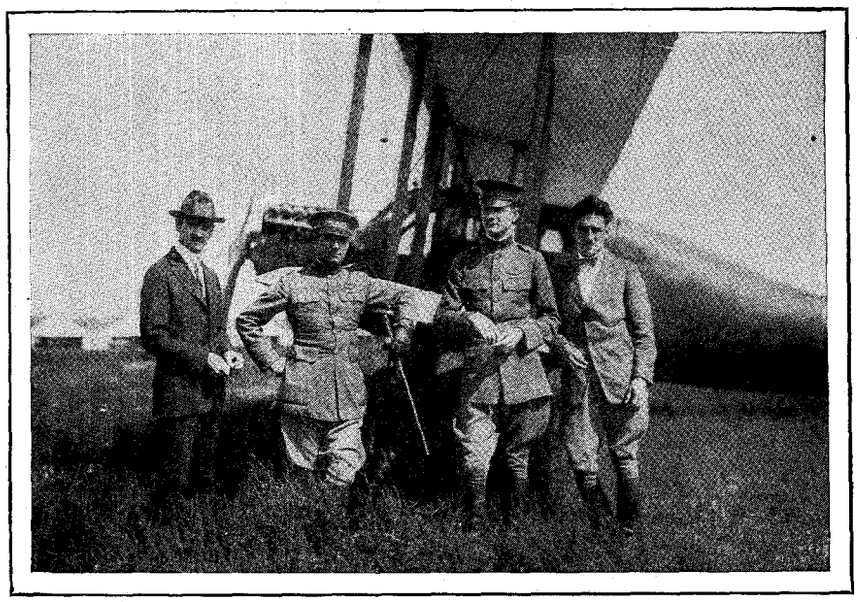
by reason of his training, forced to regard its work in conjunction with his own and from his own point of view. That the air force may have a strategy and striking power all its own and may not be a bit of the army and another bit of the navy frequently escapes him. He wants, in other words, to relegate air power to the secondary position of an auxiliary to help him perform his own job. This is a confession of weakness—a confession that, while pressing for this scheme, he is aware of and is afraid of the growing importance of air power. Now the air service is not going to take the place of the navy or of the army for many years to come, but if there are long-headed men in charge it is going to displace some sections of both forces. Unless a policy is based upon that recognition, European nations, and, I think, America, will be disregarding a grave peril of the future. To split the control, to divide the air service in two, is finally to destroy it.



Curtiss Aero Photo

General William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the U. S. Air Service (standing next to Glenn Curtiss, who is at the extreme left), is, as was evinced by his recently published letter to The Outlook, a strong advocate of a Department of the Air. The plane—a Curtiss Liberty-motored Eagle—is designed for passenger transport, and is America's latest contribution to commercial aviation. It has a speed of 105 miles an hour and has a record for lifting power

A SECRETARY OF AIR AND AN AIR CONTROL BOARD

The only workable and efficient organization is a separate air service under a minister of air. Under him should be grouped five directors—respectively, the directors of naval air operations, of army operations, of an independent air force, of civil aviation, and of supply and research. I suggest that these, with a finance member, the President of the Aircraft Manufacturers' Association, and a secretary, would form an air control board that would make for smooth working and a thoroughly comprehensive grasp of the service and civil problems of flight.

Now as to its method of administration. Let us take first the independent air force. There are distinguished soldiers who have gone so far as to declare that an air force acting independently cannot be effective. I think I can prove that it can and will in fashions of which neither the army nor the navy is able to dream. The American General Staff, rather unfairly, has quoted in its report the words of the British Field Marshal, Lord Haig, that mechanical devices are incapable of obtaining a decision. No one has suggested that tanks and airplanes can take the place of infantry and artillery—yet, although it is proposed to maintain order in Mesopotamia almost entirely with tanks and aircraft. It is absurd to ignore the fact that the work of the British Independent Air Force during the latter stages of the war did more to destroy the morale of the enemy rank and file as well as of the civilian population than anything else. And this was a body that was given an entirely free hand and a free mission to have its base where it liked and to attach where it liked, irrespective of the units working in connection with the infantry, artillery, and tanks. It was not concerned with reconnaissance, with artillery observation or scouting, and long-distance bombing was only a part of a great programme that had been very carefully planned and rehearsed, and which, if the war had lasted another month, would have produced undreamed-of results.

This force had an offensive mission of a quality distinct from any other class of offensive. Plans were laid for swift descents upon enemy airdromes of squadrons, heavily armed with machine guns, which would have landed, occupied the areas long enough to have destroyed everything in the place, and then returned across the lines. Only an independent air force could do this, and it is obviously capable of tremendous development. The strategy of getting behind the enemy and destroying undefended enemy depots is really more important than bombing raids. Given air superiority, there is nothing to stop such a force from occupying, fortifying, and defending posts as far behind the enemy lines as two hundred miles and holding them for vital periods. Preventive methods to counteract such attacks would render such concentration of forces in back areas as has never been known, involving, in fact, entirely new strategy. An independent air body with full liberty to work out its own problems, not a mere scouting and skirmishing service, such as the air force might easily deteriorate into if handed over to the army, can be a swift and determining factor of future warfare. A notable instance of this was shown in the recent Somaliland campaign, when a dozen British aircraft finished in a fortnight the power of the Mullah who had been waging war for seventeen years.

To the army and navy should be attached for peace strength a small number of squadrons each for the special auxiliary work required. To the navy, of course, the lighter-than-air craft, seaplanes, and the airplane carriers; and in time of war the coast patrol squadrons. To the army, their eyes—the scouts, the low bombers, etc.—a proportion of machines to each division.

CIVIL AVIATION DEPENDENT ON A DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR

I come now to the establishing of a civil aviation section, in many ways the most important section under the minister of air, for its purpose should be not merely regulative or restrictive, but essentially to foster progress. Its main object should be to advise the aircraft industry and to render it every possible assistance. It must be understood that the aircraft industry of no country can exist in peace times entirely upon government orders. It must also be realized that the advancement of the purely service side of flying will depend very largely upon the encouragement given to the industry towards commercial aviation. This section should open international relations; lay down internal and oversea air routes; establish stations for landings and departures; provide information on aerial navigation, meteorology, and communications; license airdromes, civil pilots, and machines; collect technical and commercial information from all possible sources for dissemination to the service side and the aircraft industry. In fact, its activities should be by far the most widespread of the five proposed directorates.

Lastly, there is the section of supply and research. From here would

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be controlled the supplies to the independent force and the naval and military arms. It would work in close liaison with the civil air section and the aircraft industry in every way, thus avoiding any duplication or inefficiency of effort.

It will be nothing short of a calamity if in a panic of retrenchment the finances of a proper air force are mutilated or that vote-catching economy is allowed to fog a wider-minded vision.

CONTENTMENT

A STORY BY LEONARD HATCH

THE porcine man who had grown so fat that the back of his neck wrinkled in two red rolls of flesh leaned back in his deep wicker chair and lighted a cigar which he had just paid a half-dollar for.

"A-h-h-h!" he murmured, puffing out a great mouthful of blue smoke; "this is my idea of solid comfort."

His companion, a lean, keen man with graying hair and the facial mask of one who has watched so many stock market fluctuations that crises no longer move him, grunted a comfortable assent.

They were sitting, resting, on the wide piazza of the Tantalus Valley Country Club, whose green-velvet undulations had more than once been nicknamed the millionaires' playground. It was the day before Thanksgiving, but the weather was so whole-heartedly Indian summer in character that golf was among the possibilities. Consequently these two money-made acquaintances were resting after their round through the clear, golden afternoon.

"Yes, sir, solid comfort," resumed the big man.

"Exactly; it's worth the money," agreed the other.

"The truth is," philosophized the cigar-smoker in the wicker chair, "one can't be happy without money. Nobody can."

"Absolutely."

"There's really nothing else in the world to make one contented. Of course, I suppose somewhere or other in the world there's a stray specimen or two of humanity who— "

THE young man in the blue-flannel shirt and the patched trousers was tired of his private car.

To be sure, he had picked it out himself. As it stood in the middle of the freight train it had looked just like all the other box cars before and behind it. But the young man had taken a fancy to it the instant he had discovered that its door was unlocked and that it was empty. Decidedly, this would be better than the trucks. Just as he had reached this conclusion he noticed that a brakeman was looking at him with altogether too clear an insight into his intentions. Immediately he tossed a quarter of a dollar toward the brakeman, suggesting politely that he study the horizon in the other direction for a minute. The brakeman pounced on the coin—as many another brakeman in the past has done under the same conditions—and obediently looked away. When he turned, there was no one to be seen.

Flemming—for that was the name of the young man in the blue shirt—had enjoyed the first two or three hours of his ride. He had spent some time counting over his remaining quarter-dollar and the three dimes, two nickels, and seven pennies which went with it. He had matched pennies with his right hand against his left, and had been duly entertained by the consistent way in which his left had won. But in time even the zest of gloating over his seventy-two-cent wealth had grown stale. So he slid back the car door and watched the country skim past, framed in the square of doorway like living "movies."

It would have been hard to say whether the country itself or the day contributed more to the picture. It was one of those mellow days that sometimes happen along even in latest autumn, when the air has a clean frostiness without being cold and the sunshine that amber quality of translucence which one never sees in spring or summer. It was as if Nature herself had wished to do her share toward this Thanksgiving Day.

Young Flemming, perched on a dismantled crate in the car door, felt the spell without analyzing it. As the lowlands in the panorama before him shifted into hills or forests and then sped back into flat country dotted with farms, where the fields were filled with dry stubble and picked out with big harvest-moon pumpkins, Flemming at first grew more and more at peace with the world. At that moment it mattered not a particle to him that he had but seventy-two cents and no definite knowledge how he was to get more when that was gone. Nor did it worry him that he had no idea where he was going. He was on his way—somewhere. That was all he cared about. When he got to that somewhere—any spot that met his fancy—he would drop off and let his private car go on without him. That was what he was used to doing. And he was happy despite the frayed trousers.

He might have stayed so indefinitely had it not been for one of the moving pictures which came flickering past him in the sunshine. It was like a picture in more senses than one. The background was a prosperous-looking farm, with a big house and a rambling ell of outbuildings. In an angle formed by two of these stood a large and supercilious turkey. A ruddy farmer was approaching cautiously, with intentions only too obvious. The wife stood in the kitchen door, looking on and shrilling bits of advice in the direction of her husband. It was for all the world like the decoration on a magazine's Thanksgiving cover.

The train roared on. The picture was snuffed out. But from that instant Flemming was conscious of a lack. His mind began to dwell only on the fact that this was Thanksgiving Day. And Thanksgiving was not the day for a ride in an empty box car. No; it was an occasion for warm houses fragrant with the savors of cooking, for the shouts of eager children, for tables loaded with food where one could linger indefinitely.

For instance, thought he, *there* was the very place to spend a Thanksgiving—that cozy little house tucked in among trees at the foot of a hill. If he could only be there instead of in this rumbling car! And that instant, as if in some magic reply to his thought, he felt the brakes go on smoothly and the speed of the train began to lessen. It came so pat to his wish that Flemming was startled. He peered out. The explanation was simple enough, after all. There stood a water tank; evidently this was a regular stop for freight engines.

Surely it would never do to ask a favor of fortune and then fling it back into her face. He had been wishing that he might go to that house. And now the train was stopping. The answer was easy.

As the wheels finally came grinding to a halt Flemming leaped down from the doorway and walked off. He was through with his private car. All his thoughts were centered on the little house at the farm under the hill; and a walk of not more than five minutes brought him up to it.

Flemming did not stop to ponder any special line of approach. He expected to be confronted by some child in the yard or its mother in the doorway. But nothing of the sort occurred. Yet the side door stood open, and Flem-

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The Outlook for 1921

How The Outlook is Edited

WHAT rare literary dishes are to be served in The Outlook it is usually impossible to announce very far in advance.

The character of this weekly journal of current life requires something more than a cut-and-dried programme of coming features.

The contents of successive numbers depend upon a close observation and appraisal of the currents of life, and the knowledge of where to reach for contributions that deal with important phases of life with spirit and understanding.

It would not have been possible, for example, a year ago to-day, in any forecast of coming features to include adequate reference to E. V. Lucas's "From an American Note-Book." These articles are conceded to be one of the most whimsical commentaries ever written by a British visitor to our cities.

Likewise, it would have been impossible to announce to you a year ago that Owen Wister, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Joseph C. Lincoln, Gertrude Atherton, Emerson Hough, Stewart Edward White, George Ade, Ida M. Tarbell, and Reginald Wright Kauffman would contribute political articles to The Outlook on the eve of the Presidential election; or that 146 college presidents and many leaders in industry and finance would announce through our columns how they intended to vote and why.

Features of this unusual character, balanced to the times and reinforcing The Outlook's terse weekly editorial summary and interpretation of the world's most important events, are a continuous element of strength in the texture of The Outlook.

This search for what is the timeliest and the most vital is a persistent factor in The Outlook's editorial policy.

Had it not been for certain anxious hours preceding the election of Senator Harding to the Presidency of the United States, it is doubtful if "The Phrase that Beat Blaine" would ever have been written.

In "Diana's Tenants" Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer reported a prize-fight in Madison Square Garden with uncommon whimsicality and truth. It is regarded as a distinctive contribution to American journalism. A sudden impulse led Mr. Pulsifer to the ringside. The result was another of those Outlook contributions that no one could have announced in advance.

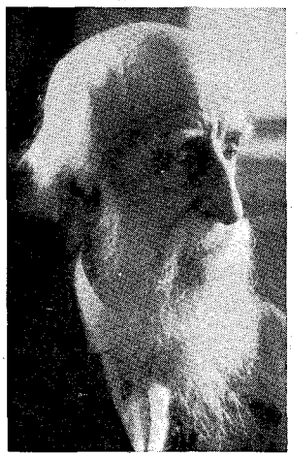
Theodore Stearns's new reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe, published under the title "A Prohibitionist Shakes Dice with Poe," were the outgrowth of some chance remarks made between acts of the Kreisler operetta "Apple Blossoms," of which Mr. Stearns is the conductor.

Out of an argument at luncheon in one of New York's clubs grew the controversy entitled "Is the Athlete an Ass?" which began a few weeks ago in The Outlook.

These are but a few of the many examples of the kind of thing for which The Outlook is read year after year, and read first, in many thousands of English-speaking homes.

It is possible, however, at this time to announce a number of the interesting things that we shall publish in 1921.

Lyman Abbott Writes "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries"



THE OUTLOOK believes that these pen portraits by its Editor-in-Chief will be as vivid as if they were drawn from living personalities. These intimate reminiscences of eminent figures of bygone days will continue through many issues of The Outlook during 1921. Among his subjects will be:

John Greenleaf Whittier
Edwin Booth
Edward Everett Hale
P. T. Barnum
President Hayes

The articles will be finely illustrated, and will include facsimiles of autograph letters written to Lyman Abbott by these leaders of men in their widely different fields.

A British View of American Foibles

A DISTINGUISHED Englishman has put his American impressions into articles for The Outlook—Sir Arthur E. Shipley, of Christ's College, Cambridge. They are a worthy companion piece to the recent articles by E. V. Lucas. They are full of delightful observations on American history, traits, traveling companions, humor, hotels, and Presidential elections. They were written on board the Olympic on Sir Arthur's return voyage to England.

From a Modern Manse

IN an article entitled "In a Rector's Study" a Chicago clergyman describes the nimble wits of those who have sought audience with him with the object of "sponging." The procession of people who enter the manse is seen to differ considerably from those who enter the church alongside it. This article is full of unexpected revelations.

Staff Writer for London "Daily News" Contributes Unusual Interview

P. W. WILSON, another observing Englishman, American correspondent of the London "Daily News," contributes a notable interview with Mrs. Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, London. The interview

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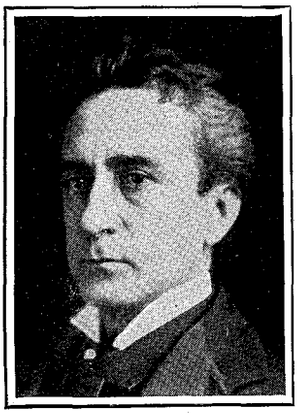
occurred after Mrs. Barnett, on her recent American tour, had addressed thirty-three audiences in fifty-six days. She found many things to admire in America, but believes that home-making is neglected in the United States. "Either stop immigration altogether, or else put an end to the home in a pig-sty," declared this pioneer in settlement work.

Unpublished Letters of Edwin Booth



EDWIN BOOTH was once requested by his host to read for the company of guests. The great actor rose, but to the amazement of the whole gathering he began to recite the Lord's Prayer. Before he had finished he had moved most of his audience to tears.

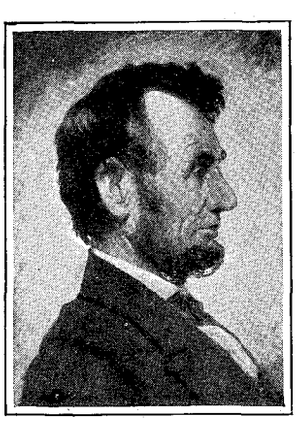
Some unpublished letters of Edwin Booth are soon to appear in The Outlook.

Some Were Thieves and Murderesses on This Extraordinary Farm

CLINTON FARMS is one of our State prisons for women, and Muriel Harris, American correspondent for the "Manchester Guardian," writes the story of its work and people.

"Here were thieves, and murderesses, and prostitutes, moving freely about a normal house, carrying on normal occupations, encouraged in every way to be normal, no less. . . . Apart from the outstanding fact of perhaps child or husband murder, or shoplifting, or of keeping a disorderly house, there was nothing in the life at Clinton Farms to suggest that it was other than perhaps a training school for domestic science or agriculture or merely for human beings—which, indeed, it is," writes this observing Englishwoman.

A Boy at Lincoln's Feet



FOR many of us the Lincoln-Douglas debates are merely a fascinating chapter in history. To Garrett W. Newkirk these historic debates are living memories. As a boy of eleven he rode sixteen miles through Stark County, Illinois, in a band-wagon to hear Abraham Lincoln's speech. He has written his impressions of that extraordinary experience for The Outlook.

Contributors' Gallery

THIS illustrated column was instituted several months ago, and will be continued during 1921. It has the value of affording our readers illuminating glimpses into the lives and personalities of its contributors. It presents brief, sketchy backgrounds of experience from which Outlook articles have emerged.

Putting the Talk in Chautauqua

GREGORY MASON, one of The Outlook's war correspondents, has written about his experiences as a Chautauqua lecturer. Here is a sample of his discoveries under the big tents:

"'A Chautauqua lecturer must talk to his audience just as fast as he can move his mouth. Don't give them time to think. If you do, they'll begin to think about those preserves on the back of the stove, or that girl waiting on the corner, and you'll lose your audience. As for your message to them, they'll have all the next day to think about that!'

"This blunt advice, given to me by the circuit manager of a Western Chautauqua, I can recommend to all other lecturers," he declares.

Tales of the Air

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS's aerial narratives will pick you up and carry you along. They have the rush and might of actual flight. Mr. Driggs probably knows more about flying than any other American writer. He was the founder of the American Flying Club, which consists of American aviators who flew over the lines during the war. He organized two of the greatest aviation contests ever held in this country—the New York-Toronto Airplane Race and the New York-San Francisco Airplane Race, both held in 1919. He believes that another decade will see the airplane as common as the automobile. The motive behind these articles for The Outlook is to present the capabilities of aviation as an aid to civilization as distinguished from an effort to aid in its war value.

Short Stories

DID you know that The Outlook was one of the first periodicals to recognize and publish the work of O. Henry? Many years before the general recognition of him as the American de Maupassant The Outlook gave its readers some of the work of O. Henry.

The Outlook has also published some of the earliest work of Myra Kelly, Zona Gale, Ernest Poole, and Elsie Singmaster.

Watch some of the unknown names that appear from time to time in The Outlook; some of them are undoubtedly the famous names of the future.

One noteworthy example of The Outlook's fiction for 1921 is Emma Mauritz Larson's story "Knud, Son of Knud." It applies the convincing art of Continental realism to an American background. It is a dramatic picture of politics in the raw. Its sub-title

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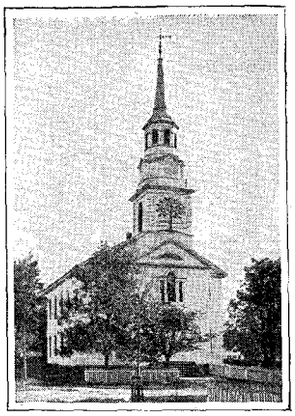
is "A Story of Lincoln's Land." We fancy it is the sort of story that Lincoln would have relished. Miss Larson's story of this Danish immigrant boy and his family has a vast appeal. She lives in Minnesota, the State which produced Sinclair Lewis and his novel "Main Street."

"The Golden Day of Orpheus," by William S. Walkley, is a boy story of genuine distinction. A resourceful youth decides to see the circus despite his father's veto, and gets delightfully away with it.

In the imaginative field, contributors to The Outlook have in the past included the names of Donal Hamilton Haines, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Dorothy Canfield, Demetra Vaka, George W. Cable, Irving Bacheller, Montague Glass, Rebecca Harding Davis, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Percy MacKaye, Charles Hanson Towne, Thomas L. Masson, Tudor Jenks, Don Marquis, and Christopher Morley.

Their Legacy a Pew



MR. AND MRS. BRUÈRE have inherited a pew. It belongs to the family in perpetuity. The Bruères wondered what it was worth. Their investigations led them to many churches in many parts of the country, including, perhaps, yours. These rebels against sentimentality have made some disheartening discoveries. But they propose some courageous remedies.

Broadway

IMPORTANT new plays, reviewed by members of The Outlook staff, will continue to be a feature of the editorial section. The Outlook believes that the dramatic form is often one of the most effective and eloquent expressions of modern life, and is glad to serve its readers by reporting frequently on Broadway's productions.

A New York Senator Dons Overalls and Digs Up Important Story

IT isn't often that a prominent legislator applies for a job in a factory. We don't know that it has ever been done before. But Frederick M. Davenport, of the New York State Senate, wanted to know what the mechanics of his State were thinking about and talking about; so he took off his toga and went to work in one of the big factories of Syracuse. What he discovered provides material for an extraordinary article which he has written for The Outlook.

The Wallop of the Woods

SHERMAN ROGERS is the sensation of the lecture platform. He was for years a lumberjack in the North woods; he has brought the wallop of the woods down to New York. He has appeared before some of the most important audiences of New York financiers, has told them what labor thinks of them, and has made these frigid capitalists like it.

As industrial correspondent for The Outlook Sherman Rogers has contributed forceful articles about Packingtown and the telephone companies. His interview with Senator Harding on labor was one of the most widely quoted documents of the entire recent Presidential campaign.

Mr. Rogers will continue to contribute to The Outlook during 1921.

Books that Will Live

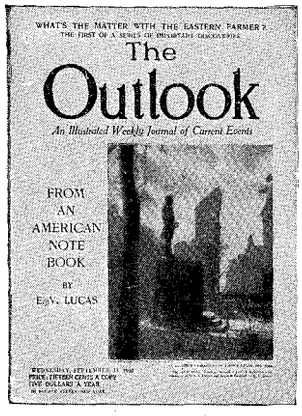
"THE BOOK TABLE" will continue to review for you the best books of the times. Lyman Abbott and R. D. Townsend and other members of The Outlook staff will again review many of the more significant volumes, while the work of some of the leading literary critics will again be drawn upon to enrich this department of The Outlook.

Foreign Affairs

AMONG Outlook contributors on foreign affairs have been numbered Ian Hay, Jeffery Farnol, Sidney Brooks, Seumas MacManus, Justice L. D. Brandeis, Felice Ferrero, Henry Reuterdahl, Maurice Leon, Arthur Bullard, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the Marquis of Aberdeen, Arthur Ruhl, Princess Catherine Radziwill, Stéphane Lauzanne, and Gregory Mason.

This important field of current affairs will again be interpreted for The Outlook during 1921 by many of the leading writers of America, Europe, and the Orient.

Outlook Covers



A DISTINGUISHED painting entitled "The Three Wise Men," by Sandor E. Landeau, will be our cover illustration the first issue in January, appropriate for Twelfth Night.

Its painter is an eminent artist; he has been awarded a gold medal by the Paris Salon.

The gifted camera work of H. H. Moore of The Outlook staff is responsible for many of the much-talked-of cover illustrations of the past three months. Mr. Moore will continue to snap the shutter; many

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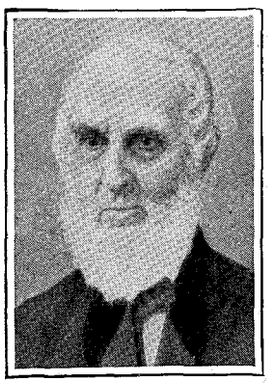
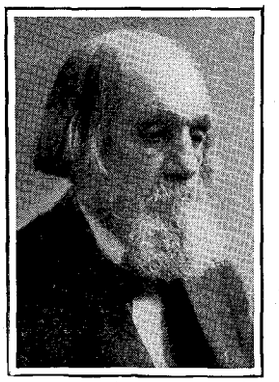
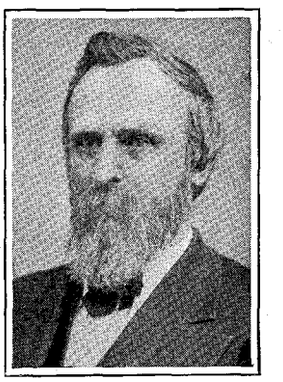


JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

P. T. BARNUM



PRESIDENT HAYES

SOME OF THE EMINENT MEN OF WHOM LYMAN ABBOTT WRITES IN "SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES"

of his most artistic photographic achievements of 1921 will be reproduced in color on our covers.

Damrosch, Barrymore, et al.

WALTER DAMROSCH, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has in the past written for us on musical subjects.

Ethel Barrymore and Eleanor Robson have written about the theater.

Walter Camp, Caspar Whitney, and Ruth Law have written for us on sports.

Authorities on subjects of the greatest public interest will again present their views to the readers of The Outlook during 1921.

Politics and Economics

FOR politics and economics The Outlook has in the past enlisted the contributions of such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Franklin K. Lane, Frank A. Vanderlip, Otto H. Kahn, William G. McAdoo, Myron T. Herrick, Theodore Marburg, Frank Trumbull, William J. Bryan, Mary Heaton Vorse, and John Spargo. We shall continue to present important articles by important men.

The "New" Outlook

CHANGES have been made in The Outlook which have brought delighted comments from many of our readers. The following letter from James Duane Taylor, of Chicago, is a typical example:

> Although I have subscribed for The Outlook for the past eighteen years, read it regularly and enjoyed it thoroughly, I cannot refrain from writing to tell you how delighted I am with the "New Outlook," which, it seemed to me, started with the issue of September first. Each subsequent issue has emphasized, in my own opinion, the tremendous improvement in your excellent publication. Covers and inside pages present an appeal to the eye that surely the "Old Outlook" never possessed. The illustrations are excellent and so well arranged. The feature articles have never before contained so varied and popular an appeal. The short stories are delightful and full of human interest.
>
> The "Old Outlook" was always good; the "New Outlook" has so far outdistanced its worthy competitors that it will be my only "National Periodical of Progress" for the coming year.
>
> I wish I could afford to send a year's subscription of the "New Outlook" as a Christmas gift to each of my friends—I could give them no more valuable or acceptable present.

The Best Cartoons of 1921

EACH week The Outlook will publish what its readers regard as the best cartoons of the week. Scores will be published during 1921, chosen from selections by Outlook readers from publications throughout the world.

Poetry

AMONG the poets who have helped distinguish the pages of The Outlook in recent years are Joyce Kilmer, Witter Bynner, Yoné Noguchi, Amelia J. Burr, Harry Kemp, Alfred Noyes, Angela Morgan, Henry van Dyke, Arthur Guiterman, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Theodosia Garrison, Hermann Hagedorn, Clinton Scollard, Edith Wharton, and E. A. Robinson.

Poems of distinction will again frequently appear in The Outlook for 1921.

The Search for Illustrations

FEW readers of The Outlook have any conception of the painstaking search that is carried on at all times to obtain the right illustrations for our articles. Many of these are dug out of the most unexpected places. In the weekly departments called "Current Events Illustrated" and "Pictures from Outlook Readers" we shall continue during 1921 to publish the most interesting news pictures obtainable. Articles will continue to be profusely illustrated.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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ming could hear the unmistakable clink of kitchen utensils. Without speaking, he stepped into the doorway, expecting to see an industrious housewife pottering over her Thanksgiving dinner.

Instead, there stood a tall, gaunt man of perhaps fifty-five, perhaps a little less. He wore corduroy trousers and a soft shirt, and his face had the weathered bronze of one who works constantly in the open air. Standing over a stove, he was all absorbed in the delicate task of cooking—not a turkey, but a piece of beefsteak. As the wayfarer's shadow fell athwart the floor the man turned and surveyed the stranger. It was a look neither surprised nor appraising, but of kindly interest.

"Every man his own cook," he remarked. And then he continued: "If you know how to fry onions, get busy, and we'll have dinner all the sooner"—as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a young man in a blue-flannel shirt to appear from nowhere.

Flemming found the onions, already cut, in a frying-pan on the table. He took them to the stove and stood over them, dabbing at them with a fork as they sizzled.

"My name's Webb, and I like 'em fried crisp," announced the tall man, whipping over the steak just as it blazed up.

"Mine's Flemming, an' I like 'em crisp, too," said the younger man, meeting his host's mood. "Do you mean you really want me to stay—"

"Shouldn't set you to work if I didn't. But if you talk less and fry more we'll get to eating just that much sooner."

So the two men worked on in silence, side by side, doing everything in the most roundabout manner, as is the way with men in the kitchen. But it was not many minutes before they sat down together. The steak and several steaming vegetables filled the table with a dinner as lavish as it was unorthodox.

Flemming spoke up again at a venture: "You seem to get along all right with your wife away."

"Do, don't I?" said Webb. "Maybe the fact that I never had a wife has something to do with it."

"What? You live alone?"

"Yes, just that.

"Good-*night!*" exclaimed the young man in a tone which left no doubt of his verdict on such a life.

"And I get along with myself very well, too," went on Webb. "That is—speakin' in general, To tell the truth, I didn't feel that I was up to doing a turkey to-day. 'Course I know steak ain't the dish for Thanksgiving Day, but corralled by a bunch o' young onions it's about the best thing I know how to knock together. So I have it when there's any excuse."

That Flemming approved was shown by the way he abandoned talk for action. The two men sat there eating—even their silence cordial—but occasionally dropping into random talk. During the meal they avoided the personalities that are almost certain to come sooner or later when two strangers get together. But after dinner Webb went down cellar and came back with a pitcher of foaming golden sweet cider which he had somehow pressed himself. With this in easy reach and their pipes drawing smoothly, the young man and the middle-aged settled down comfortably near the stove.

"You know, I'd like all-fired much to thank you for—" began Flemming.

"Never mind that. It's been a pleasure to me to fix somebody up with a Thanksgiving dinner. And now what about yourself? You dropped off the down freight, of course?"

"Yes," said Flemming.

"Where were you going?"

"Dunno *where* I was going. I was just on my way."

"Plain tramp, eh?"

"Well, no; I don't call myself that," answered Flemming.

"What then?"

"I don't know as I can make myself clear exactly. Part of the time I work—in an office. And then, just when I think I'm nicely settled down to that, something sorter gets loose inside me, and I say to myself: 'You fool! Why do you stay here like this, plodding along like an old plug in a treadmill—just for the sake of a little cash? There's strange new places waiting to be seen. There's new people to be known. Come, wake up! Go find 'em!' And so I go. There's no staying. I *have* to go."

"Sounds to me like a pretty wretched sort of life."

"Wretched! I should say not. I'm never so happy as when I'm on the move."

"But where to?"

"Anywhere. There's always a new place waiting for you. And there's always new friends to be made—hundreds, thousands, millions of 'em. People—that's what I need. And so long as they're on earth I've something to be grateful for. That's what I call living."

"A queer kind of happiness, I figger it."

"Well, what's your idea of happiness?"

"Just what I've got," returned Webb. "Not money. Not people swarming round you and getting you all upset. Not new things that have to be seen. But just the same familiar things day after day. The same duties, the same pleasures, the same chance to be alone and have time to think."

"But what do you do?"

"I've got plenty to do. But not the kind of things you mean. I used to have those. You wouldn't believe it, but I used to be a traveling man, going on and on everlastingly from place to place, and everlastingly seeing folks. The very kind of thing you say you like. But I couldn't stand it."

"And now?"

"Now? Just what you say you can't stomach. A little rut of my own. A little acre and a half of land that I can live off of. And a little house of my own. The same garden truck to raise year after year. The same cow to milk morning after morning, night after night. The same quiet evenings, the same stars, the same chance to be alone with myself. That's what I call living."

"That's beyond me. I'd go clean crazy with that sort of life."

"And I'd go crazy if I bumped about from place to place as you do," said Webb, as he refilled his pipe.

So they talked on and on, these two strangers—friends of an afternoon—sometimes about themselves, sometimes about the world outside, which the one was galled by and the other craved. The golden sunshine slanted farther and farther across the floor, and up the wall, and at last was gone. And the shadows came, and then the twilight.

"This has been the best Thanksgiving Day I've spent for a good many years—thanks to you," declared Flemming. "I guess I was a bit lonely this morning. But you've fixed that. And now I must be off."

"Aren't you going to stay the night with me?" asked Webb, surprised.

"I guess not. But thanks, just the same. Is there another freight out of here to-night?"

"One due before this. She stops for water same as the one you left."

"Then that's mine," said Flemming.

They went to the door together, and even as they shook hands the train down the valley whistled. Soon they could hear the puffing, and as the busy fireman fed a yawning fire-box the smoke cloud flared into a shaft of rosy glory against the purple dark.

"Queer, ain't it?" said Webb, as they parted. "Here's the pair of us, both liking just the opposite things, an' yet both happy. I s'pose there's some folks out there"—he swept his hand about the horizon—"who can be happy without having a thing except money. But that's hard to believe."

THE fat man on the club-house veranda continued his remark:

"—a stray specimen or two of humanity who think it's possible to be happy without money. But, mark my words, anybody who feels that way is not good for much."

"Exactly," agreed the man with the mask-like face; "nobody's who's good for anything can be contented without money."

"Well, let's go see if the grill is open yet," said the porcine party. The twin rolls of red flesh at the back of his neck redoubled their bulge as he heaved himself laboriously out of his comfortable chair.

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UNCLE SAM'S TIN HALO

SOMETHING ABOUT MARK TWAIN, EUROPE, AND THE POOR AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

BY ANDREW TEN EYCK

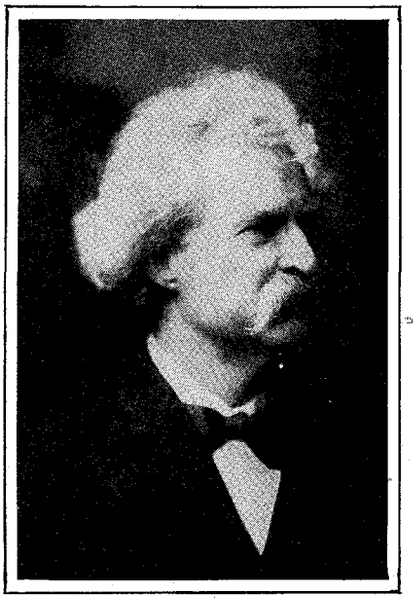
LATELY AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT

MARK TWAIN was an ideal Ambassador if Europe's opinion is worth anything. He was habitually worth millions to America. Though never accredited, he was much considered. Hundreds of men with less felicitous phrases than Samuel Clemens have spurned the President's request to serve abroad. Here is his answer, with a thread of extreme seriousness running through it all. It may be prophetic of some answers Mr. Harding will receive:

"P. S. Vienna, January 10.—I see by this morning's telegraphic news that I am not to be the new Ambassador here, after all. This—well, I hardly know what to say. I—well, of course I do not care anything about it; but it is at least a surprise. I have for many months been using my influence at Washington to get this diplomatic see expanded into an ambassadorship, with the idea, of course, th— But never mind. Let it go. It is of no consequence. I say it calmly; for I am calm. But now, while I am calm, I would like to say this —that, so long as I shall continue to possess an American's proper pride in the honor and dignity of his country, I will not take any ambassadorship in the gift of the flag at a salary short of $75,000 a year. If I shall be charged with wanting to live beyond my country's means, I cannot help it. A country which cannot afford ambassador's wages should be ashamed to have ambassadors.

"Think of a seventeen-thousand-five-hundred-dollar ambassador! Particularly for America. Why, it is the most ludicrous spectacle, the most inconsistent and incongruous spectacle contrivable by even the most diseased imagination. It is a billionaire in a paper collar, a king in a breech-clout, an archangel in a tin halo." (Mark Twain in "The Forum," March, 1899.)

THE impression prevails abroad that America has never had a consistent foreign policy. It is said freely in all the embassies of Europe that we intrust our foreign affairs to men who are the creatures of political parties, and likely, therefore, to disappear from diplomatic life as quickly as they entered. The charge is frequently made that the President generally awards high appointments to men whose chief asset is the amount of money or influence they have contributed to the last political campaign. A high British official made this charge against the United States in my hearing the other day when I



"So long as I shall continue to possess an American's proper pride in the honor and dignity of his country," said Mark Twain, "I will not take any ambassadorship in the gift of the flag at a salary short of $75,000 a year"

asked him about the sale of peerages in England. "Oh, yes," said he; "that, too, is done, but a baron or earl, assuming that he secured his title through his check-book, has no real power in determining the destiny of England." That, probably, is the distinction. So far as I have been able to learn, no nation save ours has so openly rewarded gentlemen who may personally have great distinction but who have been chosen for political reasons and not for their distinction and talent.

Few people will criticise the men we have sent to the Court of St. James's. John W. Davis, the present incumbent, is considered the peer of any in the diplomatic world, but Mr. Davis is an exception and has had a long experience in public life. I met Ambassador Davis for weekly conference for a period of six months. He instituted the custom of meeting the London correspondents on Wednesdays at one o'clock for a half-hour. We could never quote him directly, but these conferences were mutually valuable. It was a friendly, confidential exchange of information. He lit his pipe and talked as one of us.

Through this association it was revealed what a lack of co-ordination there is in our foreign service. There is, for instance, in London a wholly independent bureau for the Shipping Board and the Treasury Department. Maritime and financial questions this year have been important in our relations with England. But Mr. Davis, our highest diplomat in England, has been obliged to refer maritime questions to the under officials of the United States Shipping Board and financial problems concerning chiefly interallied loans to representatives of the United States Treasury Department in London. Recently there has been organized a regular period for conference between ambassadors and consuls in the surrounding cities. This work has made for better co-ordination throughout the service, for in a variety of matters, such as commercial treaties, the work of the embassies and the consulates merges. Most Americans abroad, as well as Europeans, believe that our Ambassador or Minister should control all relations with the foreign state to which he is accredited. It is freely charged abroad that Mr. Colby's note on Russia this fall was based on information furnished him by so-called experts in the State Department who did not recognize the change of the status in Russia since the Kerensky régime. I happen to know that Mr. Davis's information and judgments, based on the recognitions of the disruption of Russia into the border states, the Soviet state, and the Wrangel state in the south of Russia, would have suggested quite another policy, not because of different judgment, but because of facts concerning which there could be no dispute; facts in his possession and which evidently Washington did not know. In this connection it has been pointed out that our ministers, as are the ministers of other governments, should be called for a few weeks' service at home each year. The French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, did this very thing last summer, and was sent to Poland as head of the French mission there before returning to America. Congress does not seem to be very liberal with our diplomats in the matter of their cable tolls. I know that Mr. Davis would often ask us if we had cabled a certain speech in report of some important event in order to save the Government the cost of cabling.

Europeans never understood our use of the word plenipotentiary. It is accurately descriptive of the powers of the European diplomat, but not the American. We have *no one man* who can speak for the Government of the United States, and never can have under our divided system of handling foreign affairs. On the other hand, the British Ambassador at Washington speaks the voice of his Government so long as

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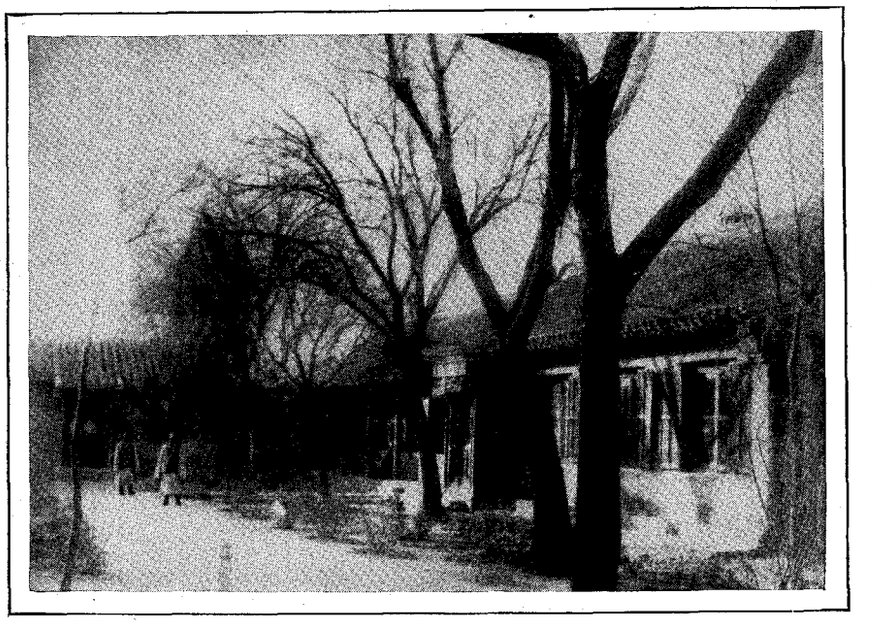
he is on this end of the cable and Lloyd George is on the other end.

Our powerless ambassadors have been the subjects of many jests in the chancelleries abroad. Though the deadlock between the Senate and the President has been reflected in a prejudicial light towards the very workings of a republican form of government, I think the so-called Ambassador with a "listening brief" to attend the interallied conferences marks the beginning of a gloomy opinion of us. At the San Remo Conference, in the late spring, Robert Underwood Johnson was assigned by the State Department at Washington, at the request of the Allied Powers, to attend the Conference and listen." He attended, and when asked by Lloyd George his view on a certain question, it is said, so literally construed his powers as neither to explain his status nor to answer the inquiry. The story has been repeated with great pathos as to Dr. Johnson's predicament, and caused many foreigners to have a real anxiety as to a republic's ability to "carry on" in foreign affairs. After San Remo the "listening brief" was abandoned.

It is no exaggeration to say that the places to which we send our envoys are to-day as much interested in the new men who will be accredited to them as they are in the promised formulation of a new world relationship in which we can participate. In the bringing of our new world policy out of the best minds as promised by Mr. Harding, Europe is to-day pertinently asking whether we are going to use the best hands to carry it on.



Wide World Photos

"THE LEGATION IN PEKING . . . WAS NEVER BOUGHT BY THE UNITED STATES. IN THE BOXER REBELLION OF 1900 UNITED STATES MARINES OCCUPIED THAT PARTICULAR PIECE OF TERRITORY AND HAVE HELD IT EVER SINCE"

MR. TAFT'S indictment is discouraging. He says: "We have an arrangement which makes it absolutely

	Diplomatic Representative.	Length of Service at Post Prior to Aug. 4.	Previous Diplomatic Experience.
Berlin			
France	J. Cambon	7 years	10 years
Great Britain	Edw. Goschen	6 years	39 years
United States	J. W. Gerard	1 year 16 days	0
Berne			
France	J. B. Beau	3 years 2 months	27 years
Great Britain	E. M. G. Duff	1 year 1 month	25 years
United States	P. A. Stovall	1 year 2 months	0
Brussels			
France	A. Klobukowski	3 years 2 months	22 years
Great Britain	F. W. Villiers	8 years 6 months	21 years
United States	Brand Whitlock	8 months	0
Constantinople			
France	L. M. Bompard	5 years	27 years
Great Britain	Louis Mallet	10 months	20 years
United States	H. Morgenthau	11 months	0
London			
France	P. Cambon	16 years	16 years
Great Britain			
United States	W. H. Page	1 year 4 months	0
Paris			
France			
Great Britain	F. L. Bertie	9 years	22 years
United States	Wm. G. Sharp	2 months	0
Petrograd			
France	G. M. Paléologue	7 months	31 years
Great Britain	Geo. W. Buchanan	3 years 8 months	35 years
United States	Geo. T. Mayre	1 month	0
Rome			
France	P. E. Barrere	16 years	17 years
Great Britain	J. R. Rodd	5 years	25 years
United States	Thos. N. Page	1 year 2 months	0
Tokyo			
France	A. Gerard	8 years	26 years
Great Britain	W. C. Greene	1 year 8 months	35 years
United States	G. W. Guthrie	1 year 3 months	0
Vienna			
France	W. I. Dumaine	2 years 3 months	35 years
Great Britain	M. W. Bunsen	9 months	26 years
United States	F. C. Penfield	1 year 1 month	12 years
Washington			
France	J. Jusserand	12 years	26 years
Great Britain	C. A. Spring-Rice	1 year 4 months	31 years
United States			

Tabulation of the National Civil Service Reform League

"IN TEN OF THE WORLD'S CAPITALS WE APPOINTED ONLY ONE MAN WITH PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, WHEREAS THE PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OF AMBASSADORS OF OTHER COUNTRIES RANGED FROM TEN TO THIRTY-NINE YEARS"

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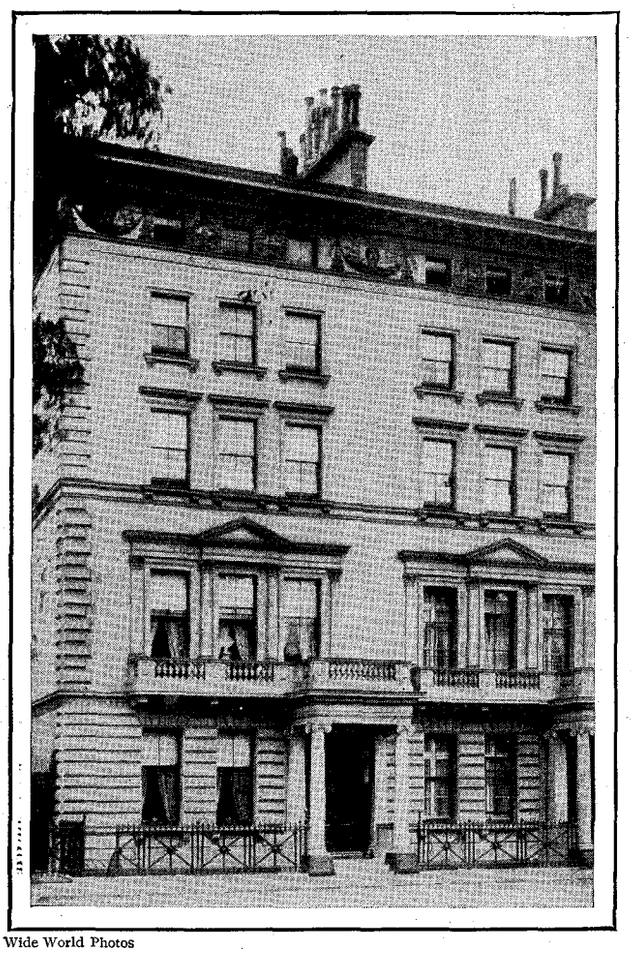

"MR. J. P. MORGAN HAS OFFERED HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON, BUT AS YET THE GIFT HAS NOT BEEN ACCEPTED. . . . THE LATE JOSEPH CHOATE, WHEN CAUGHT ON THE STREET LATE ONE NIGHT IN LONDON AND ASKED BY A BOBBY WHY HE DID NOT GO HOME, SAID: 'I AM THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR. I HAVE NO HOME'"

Wide World Photos

impossible for any one but a millionaire to occupy the highest diplomatic post." Our service, in the highest grades, is the worst paid of any among the great nations. The few embassies we own are ridiculous. In fact, it is virtually a job for a millionaire, unless we can find a man who will borrow money to take the job.

To date the United States owns diplomatic residences in Siam, Morocco, China, Turkey, Panama, and Cuba. In Japan the building is owned, but the Government pays rent for the land upon which it stands. In San Salvador there is now in process of construction an American legation. In 1914 an appropriation of $150,000 was made by Congress for an embassy in Mexico City, but events have intervened to prevent work being done there. On March 3, 1917, Congress set aside $40,000 for a legation in Costa Rica, and there the matter rests pending the return of the American Minister to that country. By an act passed this year $130,000 will be used in building an embassy in Santiago, Chile.

Of the twelve countries to which the United States has accredited full-fledged ambassadors not one has an official residence completely owned by the United States. The nearest approach to ownership is Tokyo, where the building but not the land is owned. Two other ambassadorships, those in Mexico and in Chile, have appropriations; and Mr. J. P. Morgan has offered his residence in London, but as yet the gift has not been accepted. So the situation is that eight ambassadors together with twenty-eight envoys who represent the American Government abroad are forced to lease, each according to his ability to pay, the home which shelters him. The late Joseph Choate, when caught on the street late one night in London and asked by a bobby why he did not go home, said: "I am the American Ambassador. I have no home." This is pertinent to the general situation of our representatives abroad.

The reason why we have diplomatic residences in Bangkok, Peking, and Morocco, and not in London, Paris, and Rome, is not altogether creditable to the American Government. The Legation in Peking, for instance, is nicely located in the heart of the city, but was never bought by the United States. In the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 United States Marines occupied that particular piece of territory and have held it ever since.

Ambassador Davis told me at the time he transmitted Mr. Morgan's offer of his London house to Congress that he believed Government-owned embassies to be the most urgent need of the American diplomatic service. Mr. Davis said that we should take advantage of the high value of the dollar in foreign exchange and buy immediately. He pointed out to

Diplomatic Representatives.	Date of Presentation of Credentials.	Delay Before Taking over Post.	Period from Nov. 8 to Mar. 4.	Total Wasted Effort.
Berlin				
James W. Gerard	Oct. 29, 1913	7 months 25 days	4 months	12 months
Buenos Aires				
Frederic J. Stimson	Jan. 2, 1915	1 year 9 months 28 days	4 months	26 months
Constantinople				
Henry Morgenthau	Dec. 11, 1913	9 months 7 days	4 months	13 months
London				
Walter Hines Page	May 24, 1913	2 months 20 days	4 months	7 months
Madrid				
Joseph W. Willard	Oct. 31, 1913	7 months 27 days	4 months	12 months
Paris				
William G. Sharp	Nov. 28, 1914	1 year 8 months 24 days	4 months	25 months
Petrograd				
George T. Marye	Oct. 30, 1914	1 year 7 months 26 days	4 months	24 months
Rome				
Thomas Nelson Page	Oct. 12, 1913	7 months 8 days	4 months	11½ months
Tokyo				
George W. Guthrie	July 7, 1913	4 months 3 days	4 months	8 months
Vienna				
Frederic C. Penfield	Sept. 26, 1913	6 months 22 days	4 months	11 months
		Average 14⅓ months		

"INTERVENING BETWEEN THE DATE ON WHICH PRESIDENT WILSON'S DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES RECEIVED THEIR CREDENTIALS IN 1913 AND THE DATE ON WHICH THEY TOOK OVER THEIR POSTS WAS A DELAY RANGING FROM SEVEN TO TWENTY-SIX MONTHS"

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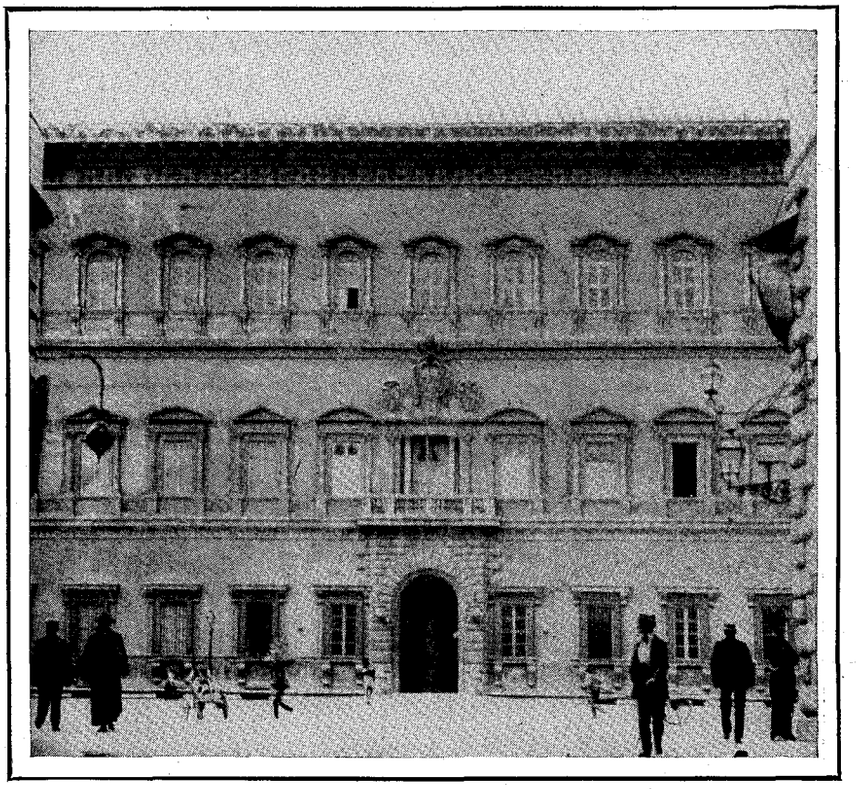
me as precedent the fact that Great Britain at the close of the Napoleonic wars made purchases on a large scale of her foreign chancelleries. Mr. Davis believes that we could find suitable houses needing few alterations in most European countries, and therefore we would not have to build embassies. It is an act of economy for America to buy legations now.

Though the main reason in favor of owned residences for ambassadors and ministers is to save such gentlemen the expenses of maintaining homes themselves, it is by no means the only reason. David Jayne Hill, ex-Ambassador to Germany, relates an anecdote of always knowing where to find embassies of Europe in foreign countries as a contrast to the difficulty of finding ours in foreign countries. He says the visitor cannot even depend on the latest city directory, but has to go to the taxi stand and ask to be driven about from embassy to embassy until some one is found who knows where the American Embassy is located. This is a fact which I have experienced myself.

Finally, owned embassies would remove the disparity between different ambassadors and between the present incumbent of a post and his predecessor, for it is a patent fact that a rich man now rents a "palace" and a poor man struggles to find a humble "lodging" within the Government's salary. It is puzzling to foreigners just why "rich" America should be represented among them first by a "palace" and a year or two later by a "lodging."

The absurdity of our present system is shown by a comparison with the French and British. In Berlin both France and England own splendid Government buildings and pay their representatives $33,938 and $40,932 respectively, while we own nothing and pay our representative $17,500 a year. In London France owns a splendid mansion and the French Ambassador receives a salary of $45,000 a year. We give our Ambassador no residence, and pay him the usual $17,500. John W. Davis, generally considered the ablest diplomat we have had in recent years in our service and a poor man, borrowed $70,000 to accept the post. I have heard men of every shade of political belief testify to his exceptional ability and prestige in diplomatic circles. Mr. Root, among others, gave me this view; but how can a diplomat be expected to mortgage his future, even at the President's repeated request?

Underpay does not characterize the post at the top alone; it honeycombs the whole surface. One starts in the foreign service at $1,500. If he makes a success for ten years, he may expect $3,000. During the war Congress appropriated for the secretaries of embassy a so-called post allowance to meet the increased cost of living, but this is of a temporary nature. This situation depresses the whole service. I have yet to talk with a man in the lower ranks of our service who is intending to remain in it. In other words, the merit system of promotion is wholly lacking. These men after a year or two seek other jobs.



THE FRENCH EMBASSY IN ROME IS THE MAGNIFICENT FARNESE PALACE, AND IS OWNED BY THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

We stand out in contrast to other nations in not applying the merit rule to our diplomatic service. A contrary impression seems to prevail in the minds of most Americans, who allege that the custom of Great Britain is to appoint distinguished citizens outside the service. But, as a matter of fact, there are few such instances. Lord Reading was a special war envoy, with a term of service of short duration, and had been in public life. Ambassador Bryce was one of those rare men born for the job. The present British Ambassador to Washington, Sir Auckland Geddes, is another exception, but even he had previously held public office as head of the Board of Trade. An examination of the diplomatic experience of the representatives of France, Great Britain, and the United States at the important European posts when the war broke out shows that in ten of the world capitals we appointed only one man with previous experience, whereas the previous experience of ambassadors of other countries ranged from ten to thirty-nine years.

It is hard to dispute the charge which Europeans have against our system by mentioning the Choates, Hawthornes, Howellses, and Hays who have occasionally held foreign posts. To offset such men we have our Camerons of Pennsylvania and Sullivans, as the Minister to Santo Domingo, and a whole list of men who have obtained their office by the size of their campaign contributions rather than by their ability. The failure of America to send continuously men of caliber equal to those of other countries not only prejudices our country in the eyes of other nations, but reflects on our foreign policy as well. Mark Twain's famous dictum, "A country which cannot afford ambassador's wages should be ashamed to have ambassadors," is an oft-repeated comment on our service in Europe.

Our present system of appointment is criticised in Europe for its wasted effort. A compilation of statistics shows that intervening between the date on which President Wilson's diplomatic representatives received their credentials in 1913 and the date on which they took over their posts there was a delay varying from seven to twenty-six months.

Second only to a definite formulation of America's new world relationship is the interest of Europe in the best minds we have to handle it. I write no secrets of the Foreign Offices of two countries I had occasion to visit regularly for different periods during the last few months when I state this as the question uppermost in the minds of these Offices. Give us men who can sit down and talk and decide, men with power and the ability to use it. Mr. Harding has a big job just beyond the promised formulation and negotiation of America's new world policy in finding the best men to "carry on" in our embassies throughout the civilized world.

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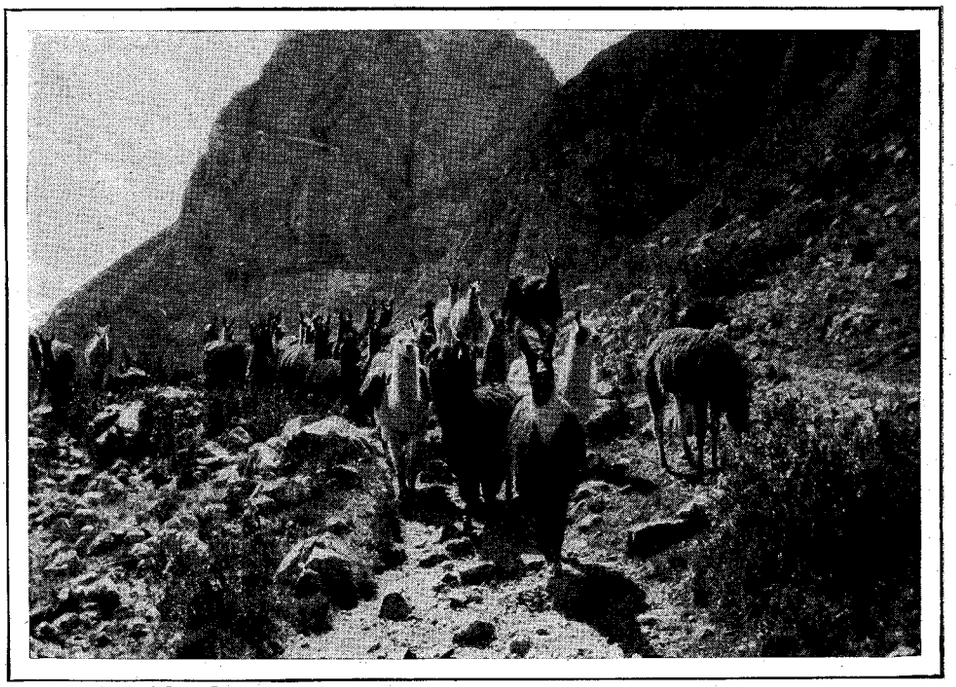
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 738)

From Mrs. P. T. Bennett, Miles City, Montana

A BRANDING PARTY IN MONTANA

The man at the extreme left is getting ready to ear-mark the calf. The next man to the right has his knee on the calf's head and holds one front leg. The next man is branding, and the fourth is holding one hind leg with his foot and the other with his hands. The calf has his mouth open and is bawling, which is his part of the programme



From L. D. Kingsland, Lima, Peru

A LLAMA TRAIN IN THE PERUVIAN ANDES

These are the native beasts of burden in the high altitudes. Each will carry one hundred pounds—no more. Our correspondent does not add "no less," but probably the llama would not object to being "short-weighted"

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

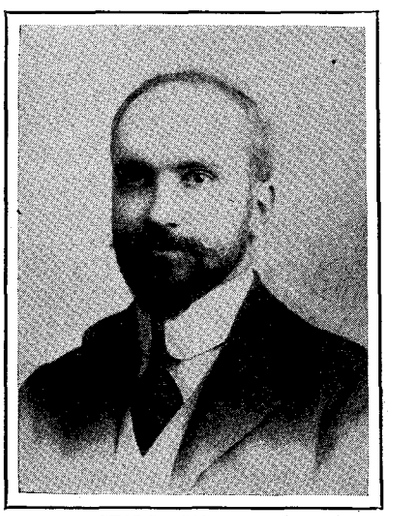
THE TEMPER OF THE AMERICAN MIND

BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

"CHARACTER and Opinion in the United States"[1] is a compelling, stimulating, and essentially a significant book. In a period when undisciplined feeling and incomplete thought are fashionable, when the spring of what we may define as literature stalely drips, like a neglected kitchen faucet, a trivial, noisy, and mediocre stream, the clear intelligence which penetrates Mr. Santayana's pages is in itself a sufficient earnest of their importance. A gifted writer has lately phrased for us the method of the critic's interpretative art. Scholarship, he tells us, will make us contemporary with the picture or the poem which we wish to make our own. But, having become contemporary, the central problem of interpretation remains, and for this the critic requires not a record but a theory of life. The definition of method is useful; it makes explicit the high excellence of Mr. Santayana's book. The book itself is a unique essay in interpretation, an attempt to evaluate American character under the play of the ideas which it has projected and by which, in turn, it has been influenced. What is the equipment prerequisite to this enterprise? Principally what the writer quoted above has emphasized: a theory of life. A philosophy, especially if it be both honest and consistent, is the means whereby we may exercise control over ideas. The dominant quality which lies at the heart of Mr. Santayana's book, and which perhaps more than any other is responsible for its brilliant achievement, is its philosophic insight. Here is a critic with an intellectually coherent philosophy as an instrument by which to define his reading of life. Whether or not we share his philosophic beliefs is of little importance. His possession of them indicates the exercise of standards in discrimination having their roots firmly grounded in the discourse of reason.

Mr. Santayana first considers the moral background of our intellectual life, the "Indian summer of the mind" which occurred in New England toward the middle of the last century. "There were," he tells us, "poets, historians, orators, preachers, most of whom had studied foreign literatures and had traveled; they were universal humanists. . . . These cultivated writers lacked native roots and fresh sap because the American intellect itself lacked them. Their culture was half a pious survival, half an intentional acquirement; it was not the inevitable flowering of a fresh experience." *Belles-lettres* in the United States have had two points of contact with its life—oratory and the poetry of oratorical function, and reflection. Americans, believing that action is the end of thought, have found themselves most intensively active in moments of reflection when "action became incandescent in thought." The passion for metaphysics is a National characteristic. "The moral world always contains undiscovered or thinly peopled continents open to those who are more attached to what might be or should be than to what already is. Americans are eminently prophets; they apply morals to public affairs; they are impatient and enthusiastic. Their judgments have highly speculative implications, which they often make explicit; they are men with principles, and fond of stating them. Moreover, they have an intense self-reliance; to exercise private judgment is not only a habit with them but a conscious duty."

Native shrewdness, accompanied by a certain speculative insight, might have flowered in a philosophy built upon known facts had it not been for the intervention of the National respect for traditional systems. "To be on speaking terms with these fine things," observed Mr. Santayana, "was a part of social respectability, like having family silver. High thoughts must be at hand, like those candlesticks, probably candleless, sometimes displayed as a seemly ornament in a room blazing with electric light." Thus comes the curious divergence between official beliefs and actual ways of life which Mr. Santayana finds characteristic of the American intellectual scene. Attachment of philosophy to tradition is not in itself a disadvantage, provided that the tradition is "in the highway of truth." But in the America of the last century the ruling tradition was not in this highway, and of the penalties paid by philosophy as a consequence not the least was the indifference of a succeeding generation. "One of the peculiarities of recent speculation," remarks Mr. Santayana with characteristic insight, "especially in America, is that ideas are abandoned in virtue of a mere change of feeling, without any new evidence or new arguments. We do not nowadays refute our predecessors; we pleasantly bid them good-by. Even if all our principles are unwittingly traditional we do not like to bow openly to authority. Hence masters like Calvin, Hume, or Fichte rose before their American admirers like formidable ghosts, foreign and unseizable. People refused to be encumbered with any system, even with one of their own; they were content to imbibe more or less of the spirit of philosophy and to let it play on such facts as happened to attract their attention. The originality even of Emerson and of William James was of this incidental character; they found new approaches to old beliefs or new expedients in old dilemmas. They were not, in a scholastic sense, pupils of anybody or masters in anything. They hated the scholastic way of saying what they meant, if they had heard of it; they insisted on a personal freshness of style, refusing to make their thought more precise than it happened to be spontaneously; and they lisped their logic when the logic came."



GEORGE SANTAYANA

Because orthodoxy has prejudged the conclusions of speculative inquiry, philosophy has been occupied either with conventional solutions or independent solutions, according to the conservative or the liberal temper of the prevailing school, but the problems have been those set by tradition. The recession of orthodoxy and its partial reintegration in America produced transcendentalism, a method "which enables a man to renovate all his beliefs, scientific and religious, from the inside, giving them a new status and interpretation as phases of his own experience or imagination; so that he does not seem to himself to reject anything, and yet is bound to nothing, except to his creative self." The central orthodoxy of the transcendental school was the belief that the universe exists for the sake of the human spirit. The empirical school, on the other hand, touched by the new orthodoxy, transformed psychology into metaphysics and found themselves "idealists about substance, but naturalists about the order and relations of existences." This was the moral background of intellectual life in the United States when James, Royce, and Santayana taught at Harvard; a life somewhat complicated by the fact that it bore little or no relation to the current of National opinion or activity, and further obscured by the picturesque irrelevance which Santayana found to be characteristic of academic education.

A chapter on William James is a sensitive interpretation of temperament and a closely reasoned criticism of pragmatism. James stemmed from the transcendentalists. "His father was one of those somewhat obscure sages whom early America produced; mystics of independent mind, hermits in the desert of business, and heretics in the churches. They were intense individualists, full of veneration for the free souls of their children, and convinced that every one should paddle his own canoe, especially on the high seas." William James was fundamentally an agnostic, a romanticist in his theory of experience in spite of the implications of his later method of radical empiricism, intellectually an eclectic, imaginative, somewhat illogical, immensely tolerant. "He was much less skeptical in morals than in science. He seems to have felt sure that certain thoughts and hopes—those familiar to a liberal Protestantism—were every man's true friends in life. This assumption would have been hard to defend if he or those he habitually addressed had ever questioned it; yet his whole argument for voluntarily cultivating those beliefs rests on this assumption, that they are beneficent. Since, whether we will or no, we cannot escape

[1] Character and Opinion in the United States. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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the risk of error, and must succumb to some human or pathological bias, at least we might do so gracefully, and in the form that would profit us most, by clinging to those prejudices which help us to lead what we all feel is a good life." And of this attitude Santayana remarks: "To be boosted by an illusion is not to live better than to live in harmony with the truth; it is not nearly so safe, not nearly so sweet, and not nearly so fruitful. These refusals to part with a decayed illusion are really an infection to the mind. Believe, certainly; we cannot help believing; but believe rationally, holding what seems certain for certain, what seems probable for probable, what seems desirable for desirable, and what seems false for false."

Santayana's criticism of pragmatism as a method is just the criticism we might expect of expediency as a moral sanction by one who places his faith so firmly in reason —in intelligence as the Greeks conceived it—and who is therefore committed to a delicate discrimination in the things of the spirit. It prepares the way for a searchingly acute analysis of the idealism of Josiah Royce, which proved the existence of God by postulating the antecedent existence of evil. Good, for Royce, was the ceaseless struggle with evil; without evil, good is impossible, and in the measure that the struggle is successful, good, rather than evil, is defeated, life therefore being a constant defeat of the victor. Further to discredit intelligence Royce adopted both the subjective theory of knowledge and Hegelian moralism; evil thus became the shadow against which the high light of good shines by contrast; both the contrast and the shadow were necessary for the perfect harmony of the Absolute, and individual unhappiness became for him an element in the serene joy of his curiously barbaric God. "His reward," says Santayana, "was that he became a prophet to a whole class of earnest, troubled people who, having discarded doctrinal religion, wished to think their life worth living when, to look at what it contained, it might not have seemed so; it reassured them to learn that a strained and joyless existence was not their unlucky lot, or a consequence of their solemn folly, but was the necessary fate of all good men and angels." For Santayana, at least, the failure of both Royce and James may be traced to their disbelief in the validity of reason as a criterion, their predisposition to meliorism, and their preoccupation with ultimate validity in a realm in which only relativity has been encompassed by intelligence.

Of later speculation in America Mr. Santayana has much that is amusing and a great deal that is penetratingly critical to say. Depending upon the genteel tradition which, together with the original austere principles of American life, has been relegated to a comfortable oblivion, it is out of touch with the mind of the period. The new realists have eliminated consciousness, and thereby restored the obvious. "The young American is thus reassured; his joy in living and learning is no longer chilled by the contempt which idealism used to cast on nature for being imaginary and on science for being intellectual. All fictions and all abstractions are now declared to be parcels of the objective world; it will suffice to live on, to live forward, in order to see everything as it really is."

It is in two chapters on "Materialism and Idealism in America" and on "English Liberty in America" that Mr. Santayana's fundamental reading of our National character and intellectual temper finds its clearest expression. He finds us without a sense of the past, individualists, kindly, a little doting on the sacredness of many things, cheerfully experimental, pragmatic, imaginative; a nation of idealists working on matter, materialists in the realm of morals. The most striking expression of our materialism is our singular preoccupation with quantity and, by inference, our neglect of quality, especially in the realm of the spirit and the mind. English liberty, which he defines as a method, the theory of co-operative effort and individual sacrifice, as opposed to absolute liberty, the individual's privilege to fulfill his own personality to the exclusion of society, Mr. Santayana believes has flowered more fully in America than in England. But Mr. Santayana's defense of English liberty as advantageous because of its harmony with the "nature of things" and his dictum that "when living beings have managed to adapt their habits to the nature of things, they have entered the path of health and wisdom," both betray him into the fundamental error of the pragmatists. It is worth noting, finally, that so conscious a lover of beauty recognizes the necessity of making a brave choice between absolute liberty and English liberty, and admits, with fine honesty, that "the necessity of rejecting and destroying some things that are beautiful is the deepest curse of existence." That statement, indeed, is the moral implication of Mr. Santayana's theory of life.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Alaska Man's Luck. A Romance of Fact. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Black Bartlemy's Treasure. By Jeffery Fernol. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Captives (The). By Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Dark Mother (The). By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Development. A Novel. By W. Bryher. Preface by Amy Lowell. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Geste of Duke Jocelyn (The). By Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Glory of Going On (The), and Other Life Stories. By Elwin Lincoln House, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Goshen Street. By Wayland Wells Williams. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Inevitable (The). By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Mollie's Substitute Husband. By Max McConn. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

North Door (The). A Romance. By Greville Macdonald, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Palmetto. The Romance of a Louisiana Girl. By Stella G. S. Perry. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

People of the Ruins (The). A Story of the English Revolution and After. By Edward Shanks. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York.

Sirdar's Sabre (The). The Adventures of Sirdar Bahadur Mohammed Khan. By Louis Tracy. Edward J. Clode, New York.

Tales of Mystery and Horror. By Maurice Level. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

Way of the Wild (The). By F. St. Mars. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Bengal Fairy Tales. By F. B. Bradley-Birt. Illustrated by Abanindranath Tagore. The John Lane Company, New York.

Old French Fairy Tales. By Comtesse de Segur. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Three Little Kittens. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

BIOGRAPHY

Adventures of a Modern Occultist (The). By Oliver Bland. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Correspondence of Jean-Baptiste Carrier (People's Representative to the Convention) During His Mission in Brittany, 1793-1794. Collected, Translated, and Annotated by E. H. Carrier, M.A., M.Sc., F.R.Hist.S. The John Lane Company, New York.

Cycle of Adams Letters (A), 1861-1865. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Illustrated. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

Humours of a Parish and Other Quaintnesses. By the Rev. W. B. Money. The John Lane Company, New York.

Lincoln, the World Emancipator. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Mazzini's Letters. Edited with Introduction by E. F. Richards. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

Old Naval Days. Sketches from the Life of Rear-Admiral William Radford, U.S.N. By His Daughter Sophie Radford de Meissner Henry Holt & Co., New York.

With Grenfell on the Labrador. By Fullerton L. Waldo. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Complex Vision (The). By John Cowper Powys. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Course of Empire (The). An Official Record by Senator R. F. Pettigrew. Introduction by Scott Nearing. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Evolution of Sinn Fein (The). By R. M Henry, M.A. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York

Henry V. By R. B. Mowat, M.A. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Irish Labor Movement (The), from the 'Twenties to Our Own Day. By W. P. Ryan. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York.

Labor and Revolt. By Stanley Frost. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Last Days of the Romanovs (The). By George Gustav Talberg and Robert Wilton Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty (The). By Bernard M. Baruch. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Modern Europe. By Charles Downer Hazen. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Outline of History (The). By H. G. Wells Illustrated. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Passing of the Old Order in Europe (The). By Gregory Zilboorg. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

Political Thought in England: From Locke to Bentham. By Harold J. Laski (Home University Library of Modern Knowledge.) Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Problems of To-Day. By Moorfield Storey. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Profits, Wages and Prices. By David Friday. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

Publications of the Champlain Society. Select British Documents of the Canadian War of 1812. 2 vols. The Champlain Society, Toronto.

Social Scandinavia in the Viking Age By Mary Wilhelmine Williams, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

United States in Our Own Times (The) 1865-1920. By Paul L. Haworth, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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TO WHICH WE REPLY THAT THE FOOTBALL NUMBER REACHED ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SOULS WHO WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE LIVED ON IN DARKNESS AND IGNORANCE

PERHAPS you do not know what a tremendous power The Outlook wields in the matter of shaping the opinions of thousands of school boys and girls. I am taking this opportunity of letting you know the place that your magazine holds in the high schools of New York. The Outlook is used in much the same way as any text-book, and is referred to as an authority on any subject which it treats. Its articles are discussed, its cartoons laughed at, its stories appreciated, and, all in all, The Outlook is held as the model of up-to-date journalism.

Why, then, am I writing this letter? It is because I have a criticism to make. There was prevalent in New York not so very long ago a general epidemic of "Footballitis." Newspapers published the results of games in large letters on their front pages. Now the athlete never did rank with the scholar and a front page was never meant for football scores. I thought that The Outlook would not succumb to the disease. I was mistaken.

However, permit me to go a bit further and tell you of the psychological effect that the putting of a football picture on the front cover had. The issue before the one I have in mind was one of the best ever published. The sale was thirty copies below the normal. But what about the issue with the football picture on the front cover—the demand was for one hundred and fifty copies above the normal.

If The Outlook is published for purely business reasons, then let Mr. Lyman Abbott continue to put football pictures on the front cover of The Outlook; but if it is published with the purpose of shaping the opinion of future America, then continue in the policy which you have pursued hitherto. A STUDENT.

1121 Woodycrest Avenue, Bronx, New York.

AN UNEASY CHAIR FOR NEWT

NEWTON A. FUESSLE, who wrote "A Challenge from the Easy Chair," is an arrant fraud. He poses as a friend of the easy chair; but in reality he never rests. The Fuessle version of the truth about the easy chair is nothing but one of his repressions breaking through the dikes. He has the vitality of an ox and the drive of an engine. His typewriter keeps going after every other one within seven miles has gone to sleep. He has never learned when to stop.

His wife tells a story which bears out my contention. Once, when the Fuessles were living in Detroit, she went to Cleveland for a fortnight to visit friends. When she returned, she found that Newt had worked himself half to death. She took him to a sanitarium; but even there he couldn't be forced to rest. He managed to smuggle a typewriter into his cottage, and at the end of a six months' stay he had two-thirds of a long novel on paper. That novel, too, as I recall it, was no mere decorative effect—no mere pretty diversion with which to while away hours. It was rough stuff—tooth-and-nail realism. I can imagine Fuessle grinding his molars and wiping his mouth after that siege—like some giant who has just eaten an Englishman during the closed season.

The only easy chair I ever saw him in was on board a Pullman chair car. I have seen him start out on rapid constitutionals at two in the morning. He owns a couple of lounging robes, luxurious and clinging; I have always coveted them on the few occasions when they were in sight; but usually they are at the bottom of a trunk.

Fuessle is one of those who believe that truth, if used at all, should be used sparingly; and this is one of the times when he is handling the verities with fine economy. In setting himself up as a defender of the easy chair he may get away with his pretense among strangers. But I solemnly assure you that his room hasn't an easy chair in it. JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

Hotel Amsterdam, New York City.

This unique printing plant—the editorial rooms with its staff of reporters (man wearing straw hat); the city editor seated at the typewriter; composing room with its printer at the case of type; and the pressroom with the pressman at the press—all rolling along on the rails

BLAINE AND THE "OTHER FELLOW"

APROPOS of James G. Blaine in connection with the very readable article upon him by Mr. Harlan in your issue for December 8, let me repeat a conversation as to him with one of his prized acquaintances, the late St. Clair McKelway, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York and long editor-in-chief of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle." This the latter repeated to me shortly before his lamented death. Let me add that the editor had a remarkably retentive memory, schooled by his long experience.

Dr. McKelway said he had gone over the Burchard incident with Mr. Blaine. The latter said that he had paid no attention to what the clergyman was saying when the reverend gentleman was making his speech, as he was running over in his mind what he was going to say in reply. That he therefore did not notice anything particular in what was said. That it was only when the explosion came in the newspapers the next day that his attention was drawn to the address. That he found by that experience "that it might be well to notice what the other fellow said."

SIDNEY V. LOWELL.

Brooklyn, New York City.

A NEWSPAPER PLANT IN A BAGGAGE CAR

A COMPLETE newspaper plant in a railway baggage car was one of the unique features of a special train which bore Cincinnati business men to a San Francisco convention last summer. They decided that they must have a daily newspaper on the five days' journey, hence the newspaper printed *en route*.

This was an afternoon paper. The reporter gathered the news of the coaches during the morning hours, then rushed back to his paper and wrote it up. The city editor handled it in the usual way and sent it out to the composing-room to be set up. From the composing-room it went to the press, and in less than an hour the news of the train (all scoops) was in the "Herald" and being read throughout the speeding special.

It is thought that this is the first time that a newspaper was ever issued, from the gathering of the news to the printing of the paper, on board a speeding train. And there was telegraph news too. Parties at home interested in the venture sent paid telegrams of home events which intercepted the train at stations; hence the edition carried vital home news, besides a complete story of what happened on the special, composed of seven passenger coaches, diner, baggage cars, and a special refreshment car. J. R. SCHMIDT.

HOW $5 GREW

A MASSACHUSETTS paper states that on July 31, 1833, Horace Smith deposited $5 in the Dedham Institution for Savings, and in a long period of years this lone five-dollar bill went on accumulating interest. November 12, 1912, the holder of the bank book withdrew from the bank the sum of $112.47, and June 8, 1920, closed his account with the bank, taking out the balance of $134.46.

The only money ever deposited in the bank was the original $5. Had no money been withdrawn until the account was finally closed, the sum that would have been taken out would have totaled $281.93.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Uncle Sam's Tin Halo

THE article by Andrew Ten Eyck found elsewhere in this issue should be read throughout the length and breadth of our country.

From reading this article what do you learn about our diplomatic service which you did not know before?

Why do we send representatives to foreign countries?

It has been suggested that, since communication between nations is now so easy and rapid, we might do away with the bother and expense of sending representatives to foreign countries. What, with reasons, is your opinion of this suggestion? What distinction should be made between the duties of ambassadors and of consuls? Do the duties of these differ from those of ministers and envoys? If so, how?

If you were to select America's representatives abroad, what qualifications and characteristics would you insist upon?

Does our Government pay enough to secure the services of such men? Do you think we pay enough to those who are serving us diplomatically? Why do we not pay as much as the leading foreign countries pay their diplomats?

Are ambassadors subject to the laws of the countries to which they are sent? Does a constable have the right to arrest an ambassador to this country for "speeding"?

Does it seem to you that American ambassadors should have more authority and power than they now possess?

What arguments can you present for the establishment of a United States academy for the training of diplomats?

Do you think of any changes other than those suggested by Mr. Ten Eyck that ought to be effected in our diplomatic service?

How do you pronounce *chargé d'affaires*? What is a *chargé d'affaires*?

What is meant by *exterritoriality, plenipotentiary, consular jurisdiction, disparity, a bobby*?

Here are books that make valuable reading in connection with this topic: "Diplomacy in the Study of International Relations," by D. P. Heatley (Oxford University Press); "Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippmann (Holt); "Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy," by R. W. Page (Doubleday, Page); "Principles in American Diplomacy," by J. B. Moore (Harper).

America's Air Tangle

Has Mr. Hicks in his article entitled "America's Air Tangle," found on another page in this issue, convinced you that to economize on the American Air Service is false economy?

To quote Mr. Hicks, is it reasonable to believe that the air will "predominate over the water and land forces in matters of strategy in warfare"?

What is your opinion of the creation of a Department of Air, with a secretary and control board?

Were you asked to do so, what would you say in outlining an air policy for the United States?

Define accurately the following terms: *Groggy, precocious, anæmic, prodigy, expediency, reconnaissance, liaison.*

The Twilight of the War

How do you interpret the expression found in this article which reads, "It is the twilight of the war"?

What evidences are there that might lead one to believe that "there remains the restlessness bred of war"?

Can you suggest to The Outlook how "confidence that is the only true basis for international as well as for personal friendship" can be established?

The Outlook believes that such a time as we are now living in has "certain compensating advantages." If you agree with The Outlook, what would you say these advantages are?

Is The Outlook right in saying that "no nation *has ever been* [italics mine] able to live wholly unto itself"? Did Egypt live "wholly unto itself" five thousand years before Christ?

Does this article indicate that the United States should join the League of Nations?

What is the value of this article to you? What propositions well worth discussing does it suggest to you?

How do you define the following words: *Impediments, foreign exchange, nominally, atrocities, perpetrated*?

Have you read these worth-while books: "America and the New Era," edited by E. M. Friedman (Dutton); "A New Mind for the New Age," by H. C. King (Revell); "Problems of To-Day," by Moorfield Storey (Houghton Mifflin).

The National Parks

Have we a National Parks policy? If so, what is it and when was it instituted?

Can you name notable American parks? For what purposes do we have them? Where should they be located?

Some one has asked this question, "Should the main idea in a park be use or beauty?' How would you answer this question?

If you were in Congress, would you support or oppose the bills introduced by Senator Jones and Representative Esch and referred to in this editorial? If you were to make a speech in Congress bearing on the subject of these bills, what points would you include in your argument?

What have parks to do with the higher life of the community?

If you have not done so, you certainly ought to read the book entitled "Your National Parks," by Enos A. Mills Houghton Mifflin)

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

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SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

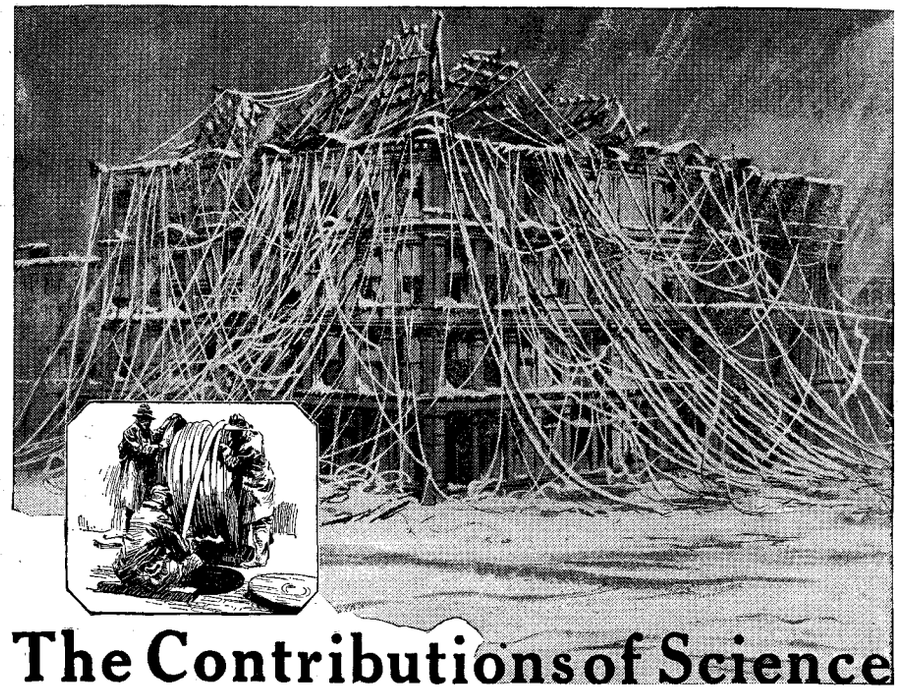
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT, of Evanston, Illinois, has written the music for fully a hundred songs. Her first choral work, a "Forest Rondo," with text from Shakespeare, was produced last year at the North Shore Festival at Evanston, with a chorus of fifteen hundred children's voices. She is the author of a play, "Master Will of Stratford," together with its incidental music; and of "The Muffin Shop," "The Merrymakers," and "The Rhyming Ring," verse-books for children. She wrote the text for the cantata "The New Earth," music by Henry Hadley. She writes us: "I am married to a lawyer (Eugene H. Garnett), and have a son, Gordon, and a daughter, Gloria. I am sending a picture which my husband likes—for its effect, I suspect, of unmistakable, downright domesticity—and which is liked not over-well by my mother because it 'makes me look old!' My little Gloria has what she calls penny-colored hair—and I should like to add that it is the color of *bright* pennies."

DR. ANDREW TEN EYCK was formerly secretary to Dr. John Finley, then head of the Educational Department of the State of New York. He has recently returned from a rather extended stay abroad, which included a residence for some time in London as a correspondent and later a visit to Germany.

LEONARD HATCH has contributed fiction to "Scribner's," "Collier's," and the "Woman's Home Companion." He lives in Trenton, N. J.; his college was Harvard. He wrote "Contentment" in Norwood, Massachusetts.

CUTHBERT HICKS was assisting in the management of three British newspapers when the war broke out. He joined the army as a private and was soon an officer in the First Worcester Regiment, and was later transferred to the Royal Air Force, in which he served with two anti-submarine squadrons. He was then transferred to the Intelligence Department of the Ministry, and became chief writer on aviation in the Information Department. After the hostilities he joined the staff of Sir Frederick Sykes, Comptroller-General of Civil Aviation in Great Britain. He has contributed many articles on aviation to London journals.

NOTE—The photograph of Miss Eleanor Markell, published in this column last week, should have been credited to the "Dupont Atelier," New York.



The Contributions of Science

The greatest material benefits the world has received have come from the laboratories of the scientists. They create the means for accomplishing the seemingly impossible.

Science, after years of labor, produced the telephone. From a feeble instrument capable of carrying speech but a few feet, science continued its work until now the telephone-voice may be heard across the continent.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS

MANY times recently bond dealings on the New York Stock Exchange have exceeded transactions in stocks. High-grade bonds have been in great demand, and those actually bought and sold on the floor of the exchange itself do not by any means represent the total of purchases and sales; there is an "outside" or "over the counter" market for bonds which is an active one, and because a bond is not listed does not necessarily mean that on that account it does not possess the important characteristic of marketability. And high-grade bonds are cheap at present prices. Bankers agree pretty generally that this is the case, and knowing investors are every day testifying to their agreement that it is so by taking advantage of the opportunities afforded them by the low quotations for sound bonds. The number of investors who are purchasing bonds is increasing steadily. It is only logical that this should be the case, for bonds are selling many points below the levels at which they were quoted a few years ago. This is due to changed conditions in the money market—not to any lessening of intrinsic value—for money commands higher rates than formerly.

Government, railway, industrial bonds of all kinds are selling

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at bargain prices—prices which may not be equaled again for a generation. When the money market gets back to its former condition, or tends to approach that point, then interest rates will go down and the price of bonds will go up. Bonds sell at prices which make the interest received from them in proportion to the rates charged for money. If money is worth 6 per cent now, bond interest will very likely approximate 6 per cent. If a few years from now money commands only 4½ per cent, the chances are that bonds will yield the same amount. In other words, bond prices will go up under these conditions, because it is plain to see that the higher the price of a bond, the lower its yield. Now indications point to lower interest rates, and therefore to higher bond prices.

Among the classes of bonds which would seem to offer investment opportunities at the present time are public utilities. Certainly public utility companies fulfill the requirements of being essential industries. No civilized and industrial community can get along without trolley cars, subways, elevated trains, gas, electric light, and power. We are absolutely dependent upon these things, and more and more so as our industries grow and the use of electricity and gas becomes increasingly prevalent not only industrially, but in our homes. The growth of every community is largely dependent upon the ability of its public utilities to keep pace with its requirements and to anticipate future needs. What they have to sell is in constant demand, and this demand seems certain to increase. It is this kind of businesses whose securities are being purchased to-day by discerning and far-sighted investors, and at the present time there are some fifteen hundred thousand persons in the United States who own public utility securities.

Public utility companies have in many cases had a difficult time of it during the past few years. During the war they had innumerable trials and troubles. Increased costs were not offset by increased rates; too frequently they were made political footballs, and their importance to the communities they served was not appreciated. But conditions seem to have changed. The dangers which threatened them have reacted to their benefit, for they have caused widespread discussion of their needs and a better appreciation and understanding of them on the part of the general public. The public utility commissions as a result of this have been more ready to listen sympathetically to their applications for higher rates and shown a disposition to grant them the increases they have so urgently needed. Statistics show that gas companies, electric railway companies, and electric light and power companies have during a period covering the past three years been granted substantial increases over the rates they were permitted to charge during the three preceding years. All of this would indicate that the position of the public utilities has been greatly improved; that the important part they play in our home and industrial lives is better understood to-day than ever before. These factors necessarily justify the opinion that the future for them and their securities is a bright one.

If opportunities are presented the investor because of the current quotations for high-grade bonds—and the best opinion is to this effect—it seems worth while, when considering what bonds to buy, to give some

The LURE OF THE CITIES

The 1920 census will show that our urban population is over 50% of the total. In 1880 the percentage was about 15%.

This movement has meant not only the birth of many new urban communities, but also an enormous development of the older centers to accommodate the increased population.

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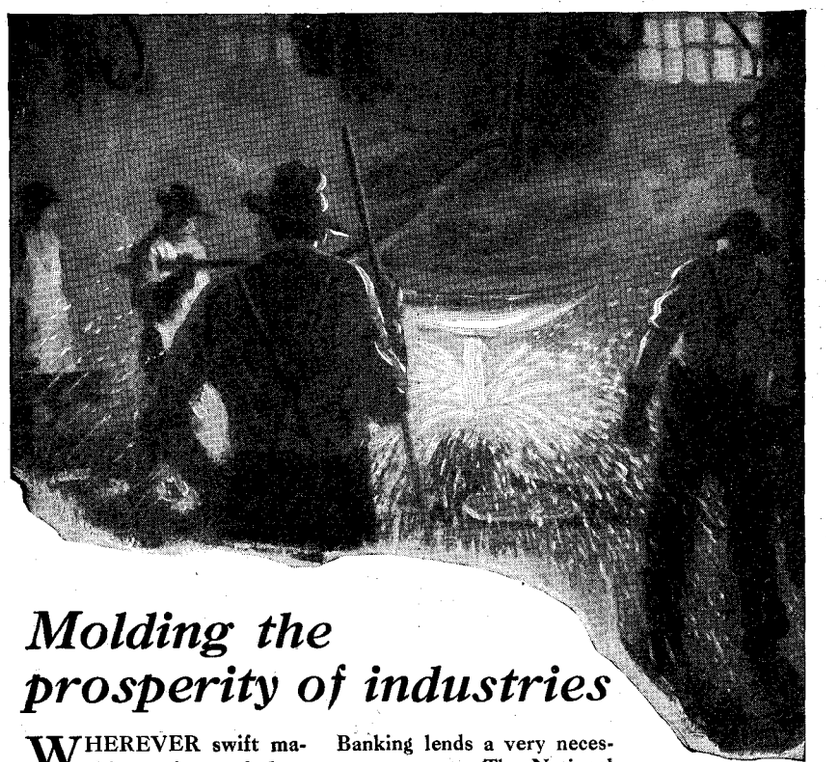

Molding the prosperity of industries

WHEREVER swift machinery is needed to perform an intricate operation, industry looks to New England. It is quite natural that this section—the nation's greatest workshop—should also be the home of the builders of ingenious machinery.

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To the machinery manufacturer, this bank offers full co-operation. Our world-wide organization guides and assists clients entering the new markets at home and abroad. Those who have business to transact with the New England machinery trade find our services equally valuable, as our clientele includes the leading firms throughout the industry.

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During the past year the Financial Department of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific informntion on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

attention to those issued by public utility companies.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Will you please give me the names of a few bonds which you consider well secured and which can be bought in denominations of $100?

A. If you have a hundred dollars, or a few hundred dollars, to invest you cannot do better than to buy Liberty Bonds at their present price. If they are not worth par at maturity the United States is not worth par.

Q. Please give me the mileage of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the capitalized debt per mile, bonded debt per mile, and total assets of the company. How high has the stock sold in the past ten years, and when? How low has it sold in the past ten years, and when?

A. Our figures are as of December 31, 1919. Total mileage owned is 528.06 miles; leased from proprietary companies, 6,572 miles; owned by or leased to proprietary companies, 4,020 miles. Capital stock per mile is $18,747. Funded debt per mile, $10,404. Total assets, $1,764,947,577. The high quotation for the stock was 138¼ in 1910, and low was 75¾ in 1917.

Q. Please give me figures showing the latest earnings of the Stromberg Carburetor Company of America. What is the present dividend rate on the shares of this concern?

A. After Federal taxes and charges, the surplus of the Stromberg Carburetor Company of America for the three months ended September 30, 1920, equaled $1.17 a share earned on the 75,000 shares of capital stock of no par value. This figure compares with $2.72 a share earned during the preceding three months, and $2.04 a share in the corresponding three months of 1919. A quarterly dividend of fifty cents a share has recently been declared payable January 3 to stockholders of record December 20. Previously the rate has been $1 a share quarterly.

Q. Will you tell me the meaning of the terms "premium" and "discount" as applied to bonds?

A. A premium bond is one selling for a price greater than its face value at maturity. A discount bond is one selling for less than its face value at maturity. For instance, if a $100 bond due 1925 were now quoted at 102 it would be a premium bond; if, on the other hand, it were quoted at 98, it would be a discount bond.

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AN IDEA WORTH COPYING

EACH week Principal E. K. Diehl, of the Pottsville High School, makes two selections for men to read and discuss. These are posted on our lobby bulletin board.

Professor Diehl's selections have created interest outside, and one of the Pottsville newspapers has asked us to furnish them with the list each week, which we are doing. A copy of this week's selections as they appeared in the Pottsville "Journal" follows:

READINGS FOR WEEK.

Since October 14 Professor Diehl, of the high school, has been selecting two articles among the Y. M. C. A. magazines for the men especially to read. This has created quite a little interest in good reading. His selections this week are as follows:

Outlook magazine for November 24, article entitled "The Black History of a Black Republic."

"Leslie's" magazine for November 27, article entitled "A Practical Sieve for the Top of the Melting Pot."

You will notice that the first article for eading is from The Outlook. Since we tarted there has been a total of four selections from The Outlook. Professor Diehl s given full authority to select as he wishes rom our magazines, and we take practically all of the leading ones.

NORMAN H. ANGELL.
General Secretary Y. M. C. A.,
Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

This Y. M. C. A. has been making elections of articles of particular worth ince the middle of October. The Outlook as therefore been chosen as the source of ne worth-while article almost every week nce the practice was started. Mr. Gathy's weekly column of questions ought be distinctly valuable to such instituons as the Pottsville Y. M. C. A., which e trying to make full use of The Outlook. he example of the Pottsville Y. M. C. A. one which might well be copied by simir organizations.

PLAIN TRUTH

YESTERDAY I ran across some articles in your magazine by Mr. J. Madison thany entitled "What's the Matter ith the Eastern Farmer?" and I cant resist thanking you (as a farmer) for blishing these articles. The articles ring th plain truth and I wish every one could ad them. Our marketing system is our ief trouble, and we are rapidly getting dangerous ground in this country ough this very thing. It is a subject ich has been studiously neglected by actically all publications, and a subject ich takes considerable courage to face thfully.

You deserve the thanks of all farmers.

EDWARD MOSEMAN.
West Brattleboro, Vermont.

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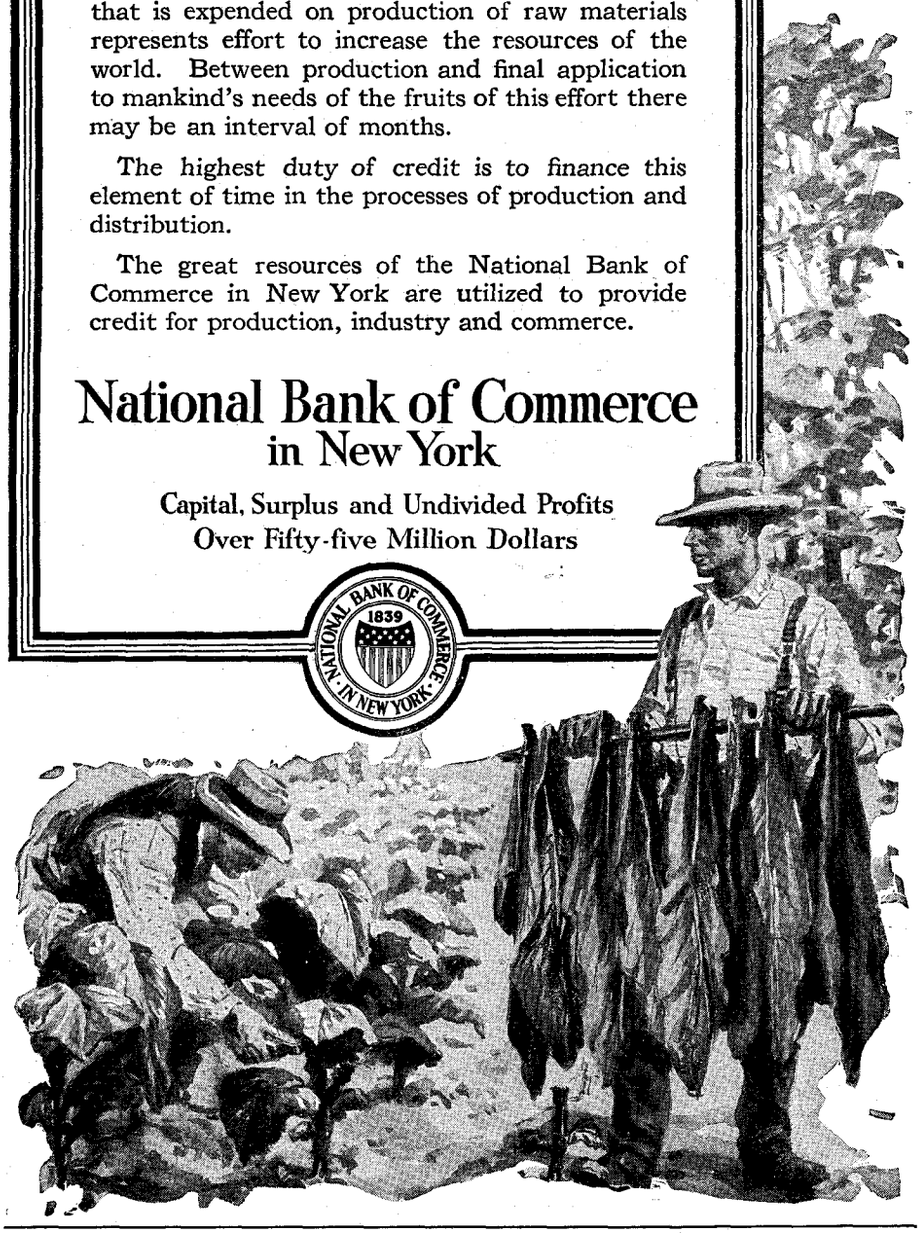

A Cash Offer for Cartoons and Photographs

Cash payment, from $1 to $5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own. Read carefully the coupons below for conditions governing payment. Then fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the cartoon or print, and mail to us.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the ..... of the following date ..... If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing it to your attention. I agree that if it is not used it will not be returned nor its receipt acknowledged.

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BY THE WAY

THE lure of New York City leads British sailors to desert their ships in increasing numbers when they dock at that port, according to "Shipping." This is perhaps due partly to the present economic difficulties of living in England, as well as to the expectation of easily obtaining profitable jobs in New York. It seems that, under the Seaman's Act, New York ranks as a "safe port" and that, once away from their ships, American marshals cannot be employed to return the men to their duties.

A former Russian Ambassador to Spain, M. Nekludoff, gives in his Reminiscences an interesting picture of the survival of old-time customs in the ceremonies that attended his arrival in Madrid:

> The procession through the streets of the capital was really magnificent. Each of the gilded coaches was worthy of a place in a museum and in history; I occupied the one built for the coronation of King Joseph Bonaparte. The harness and trappings of the beautiful horses dated from the eighteenth century; the liveries of the postilions, heavily embroidered in gold and silver dulled by twenty decades of wear, were of the same period; all the other liveries have not changed in fashion since the days of Philip IV. The horses of the escort, of Arab breed with glossy coats, were all beautiful, and admirably ridden—Spanish riders are undoubtedly the best in the world.

An advertisement in a Brooklyn newspaper will awaken a responsive chord in the breasts of readers who have household pets that are insistent on their privileges:

> Cook wants position; family of two; will not open and shut door for dogs and cats to go in and out. Address ——, etc.

Here is a "want" advertisement from an "up-State" weekly:

> Wanted—Respectable modest girl to travel with lady, help on vaudeville stage, in bird act, and at home cooking. Only obedient girls willing to learn and not afraid of hard work need apply; no permission given going out evenings, but good home and everything paid from first day.

Trees are the blood, bone, and sinew of southern California. Houses and lots, it seems, sometimes are thrown in with them as an inducement to purchase. Witness the following advertisement from a California daily paper:

> For Sale—A magnificent umbrella tree about 30 years old. This is a beauty. The largest tree in Redlands of its kind and a bargain at $1,800. With the tree goes a 5 room plastered house and a fine lot 60 by 180 feet with all kinds of fruit. Situated on the south side.

"It is remarkable," said Mr. Gruntler, as reported by the "Argonaut," "how mean some people are. I had with me on a fishing trip two friends, who evidently were familiar with my reputation as an angler. Before starting one of them made the following suggestion: 'We will agree that the first man that catches a fish must treat the crowd.' I assented to this and we started. Now, those two fellows both had a bite, and were too mean to pull them up." "I suppose you lost, then?" remarked the friend. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Gruntler. "I didn't have any bait on my hook."

The right of a railway to name its own station has been challenged by the Public Service Commission of Missouri. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy a short time ago, according to the "Railway Age," had

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